TEN CENTS A COPY

# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

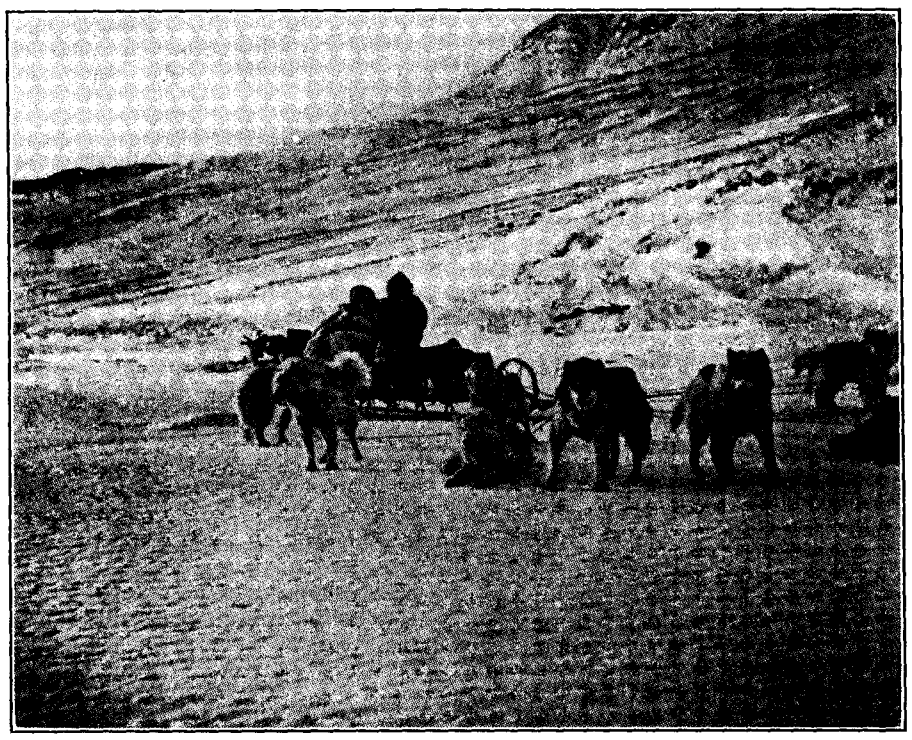
VOLUME VIII | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1932 | NUMBER 51

## No Grievance

INDUSTRIAL leadership is being sharply criticized in every direction as short-sighted, greedy, or stupid, and the makers of books have had their full share of attack, yet no one who knows has accused them, as a body, of that narrow and selfish commercialism which has sacrificed quality to quantity in so many commodities. Too many first novels, too many books expected to be literary, too many worthy but unsalable monuments have been published, and not too few. The publishers are censurable for a careless release of too much mediocrity upon a surfeited public, but it should be noted that their errors have been of excess, not of restriction. Few industrial groups can show as continuing an interest in the standards of what they produce. If there has been trash by the shelfful, the most successful publishers have not specialized in it, which is more than can be said of journalism or the hardware business. If two books have been published where one was enough, at least among the overproduced titles were to be found many attempts to launch what some editorial department regarded as a possible successor to Conrad, to Masefield, to Bernard Shaw, or to Willa Cather.

Therefore the young writers, and the makers of *belles lettres*, and the experimentalists, who are already finding it more difficult to publish than in the past, have no real grievance against the publishing trade. It has certainly been too easy to publish a book in this country. It has been dangerously easy, for competition has hatched many a book before its pin feathers were formed, and the desire for novel books has led to many an illicit union between an editor's idea and a writer's need for cash with the kind of bastard results that we are all familiar with. Even poetry, where, if anywhere, commercialism would seem to be as rare as profits, has been diluted by overproduction. Many of the slender and insignificant books of verse which flit into life and out of it are financed by the authors and hence do not enter into the argument. But the number of really published books of poetry has been all out of proportion to the quality of really individual, really excellent poetry, one reason undoubtedly being that many a promising writer of fiction has been procured (or held) for a publisher's list, by printing his volume of poems.

We cannot regard it as a calamity that many oncoming writers will have to whistle for a publisher next Fall—and perhaps go home to polish their books. Their financial loss will be small, for many of the books that will not get published in a period of hard times and sanity are those that in the past have yielded a loss for the issuing house and an inconsiderable royalty for the author, and this not because they were bad, but because they were not ripe. The good book, whether by a new writer or an old hand, is likely to come through in the future as in the past and is quite sure to be far more satisfactory financially than trash and twitter and smut. But good books are not born without labor, and in no profession is the element of time so important as in writing, time which brings experience that cannot be rushed, time for art and thinking to work upon the raw idea. Don't curse your publisher for refusing your book. He has ruined many a good man, and clipped his own wings, by doing just the opposite.



## Hakluyt or Hoax?*

A Letter by VLADIMIR STEFANSSON

THIS is a story worthy of Hakluyt's Voyages. It is a narrative of life (not merely adventure) in regions as unknown to civilization as, say, Newfoundland was in the fifteen hundreds; it is unplanned except as the reminiscences of a solitary who went to the Far North, not to explore, not merely to get rich (though he did so, in the strangely inflated values of the North) but to live in a region where his intense individualism might make a career for him. Finally, as through so many narratives of the old sea captains, a character, naive, vain, sturdy, determined, shows through in glimpses that seem accidental.

Is it true? Probably not all of it. Probably some of it. The Czech sailor and locksmith, Welzl, came back after the wreck of his ship, to purchase which he had raised a half million dollars in furs from his Polar friends, to his native village in Czecho-Slovakia, and there (like Trader Horn) he was interviewed day after day by two journalists. The book is made from their notes, and is told as if Welzl were telling it. He says himself that his adventures are so clear in his mind, although most of them happened in the 'nineties, because he had told them so often around campfires and in huts and caves in Alaska and the Mackenzie delta, which means that many have become stereotypes of what he did, blended with hearsay and other accretions. And yet, though it would be folly to attach scientific value to this story, there is a note of sincerity in it, an absence of the apparatus of fiction (though plenty of yarns), and above all an inherent improbability that any one (short of Defoe) could have invented such a mass of specific detail. Capek sponsors him, the journalists testify to his genuineness, and the reader with a sense for vigorous narrative will wish to agree with them.

Welzl in 1929 went back to resume his Polar life in his capacious cave on the New Siberia Islands, of which he had been

YOU asked my honest-to-goodness opinion of "Thirty Years in the Golden North," and I replied on June 16 that I would say nothing. That was because my theory seemed too good to be true. Now I am beginning to feel as if it may be true though good.

The volume is a cryptogram to which, in Baconian fashion, I have discovered a key. There are several keys. One of them is on p. 221 in the innocent-looking sentence, "On our islands, Eskimo girls are mature as a rule at the age of six."

Like the true key to any cryptogram, this sentence requires accurate and logical reasoning to develop its secret, or true, meaning. The first step is in that the book shows "our islands" to be the New Siberia Islands. *There have never been any Eskimos in those islands nor within* 1500 *miles of them.* This gives us a preliminary glimpse of the writer's meaning when he talks of "the Eskimos of our islands."

We take our second step through reminding ourselves of the former belief that Eskimo women mature rather late in comparison with other peoples, the theory having been that the farther north you go the older women are when they reach a certain stage of development. It produced a sensation among the biologists and anthropologists a few years ago when a missionary at Point Barrow showed that Eskimo girls there mature around the age of eleven or twelve, or about as young as if they were a tropical people.

If "Thirty Years in the Golden North" were inaccurate, as some of the published newspaper criticisms have maintained, or if Welzl were a liar after the manner of Trader Horn, as other critics have suggested, then you would expect in the book either a plausible garbling of facts or else statements that had no relation to the facts except the one implied by the doctrine of chances. But we actually find in our key sentence a deliberate antithesis to facts. Our author describes Eskimos in territories where anyone who has been in the Arctic knows there are none, and he selects as the age of maturity for Eskimo

(*Continued on page* 828)

* Thirty Years In The Golden North. By Jan Welzl. With a foreword by Karel Capek. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.50.

## Thinking—Up-Stairs

WHAT WE LIVE BY. By ERNEST DIMNET. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THERE had to be this book, to amplify and illuminate the Abbé Dimnet's previous one—"The Art of Thinking." What's the use of facility in thinking, if you haven't anything to think about? In one of the books among the many that he gave me in my boyhood, my father wrote: "Knowledge without thought, is labor lost; thought, without knowledge, is perilous." Original with him, or a quotation—I do not know which—the remark recurred to me when this book fell into my hands. During a considerable pilgrimage among colleges and universities in this country and abroad I was constantly impressed by the number of students—yes, and professors too—who seemed to be, so to speak, land-poor; possessed of areas of knowledge, facts, data of indubitable accuracy and potential value, but without capacity to raise anything on them, to make anything out of the investment. Such crops as were harvested consisted mainly of second-hand ideas, out of books. Or, on the other hand, fairly expert in a calisthenic process called thinking, but ill-provided with material for it except such as was sent in by the neighbors. Intellectual paupers, living on other men's ideas; having "studied"—save the mark!—even in the original languages, the speculations of all the philosophers, from Koheleth to Bergson, from Plato to John Dewey; but devoid of any philosophy of their own, atrophied by non-use in all capacity to make one. And blind to the inexhaustible material for it in the midst of which they lived.

So the Abbé Dimnet spreads it forth, enchantingly and as it were in words of one syllable—the subject-matter of the universe of life. I have in mind no more regarding books than these two, concerning what to think about and how. This last one is peculiarly difficult to describe. As John Dewey said of "The Art

## This Week

"LIVES."
Reviewed by HENRY ESTY DOUNCE.

"LIFE OF MENDEL."
Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH.

"UNDERTOW."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"YEAR BEFORE LAST."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"CRESSIDA'S FIRST LOVER."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"RUEFUL MATING."
Reviewed by CHRISTINA H. BAKER.

"BANANA GOLD."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

POEM.
By FRANCES FROST.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

## Next Week, or Later

CIVILIZATION AT THE CROSSROADS.
By FABIAN FRANKLIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Thinking," so I would say of this—it is made not to review but to *read*—"keep it on the bedside table and read it to compose your mind at night and to arouse it in the morning." It deals with what the author calls "upstairs thoughts." In it an amazingly free, versatile, and widely informed mind, long since of age yet with a little child's unspoiled and unwearied capacity for wonder, roves fearlessly and at large within the whole area of knowledge and speculation, hand-in-hand with the reader, to find the ways to understanding and appreciation, of what lies

in the Now, in the Past, in the Hereafter. He chooses to use the familiar categories of "Verum—the True," "Pulchrum—the Beautiful," "Bonum—the Good"; but interweaves them inextricably as life interweaves, showing above all that the true must be both beautiful and good; that nothing can be good unless it be both beautiful and true; nothing beautiful which is not both good and true. Here is a synthesis upon which men and women starved in the midst of our mechanized abundance of *things* may feed. As he says:

> Two things are of paramount importance in any life that would raise itself above the petty routine which most people call living: the first is the vision of the kind of ideal for which each one of us is naturally predisposed; the second is devotion to that ideal.

The Abbé Dimnet—I believe he is a Canon now—is a Roman Catholic priest; there is recurrent surprise for one who does not know how liberal and free-minded a highly-educated Catholic priest can be, in the absence of either clerical atmosphere or mental inhibitions. One may feel disposed to dissent at spots from things taken for granted. A bit irritating is his method of conducting a sort of dialogue in which the questioner is of course always convinced whether the reader is or not. But that is a superficial detail, easily disregarded in the depth and utter clarity of the work as a whole. And it is readable, translating into what may be called American vernacular the profoundest considerations and speculations of philosophy, art, literature, science, yes, and religion too. But the religion is never theological.

I take it that the ultimate business of the human mind, soul, self, personality—call it what you will—is to acquire understanding of Who and What and Whence and Whither he is, and facility in the use of his entire equipment of self in his relations with his environment of all kinds and aspects. To that end, the Abbé Dimnet has contributed two extraordinarily helpful books, fruit of a life of wide experience and deep reflection; charged with the genius of a great teacher; a teacher great because he never has ceased nor will cease to learn.

This book is addressed primarily to Americans, who more than perhaps any other people, in the midst of the ephemeral clatter of making and spending, rushing hither and thither in the "pursuit of happiness," need it desperately. Of his book Dimnet says:

> It purports to be a plain guide to our self-perfecting but it is in reality a manual of happy living. All books dealing with self-improvement, personality, achievement, even of the lower kind of achievement called success, are that: textbooks of the art of being happy.
>
> But our happiness is within us: all we need is to find its source and let it flow freely.

It is not a translation, although Dimnet is a Frenchman, who writes in French and Latin. Most of his many books are in fact in English. When he was a little boy, a half century or more ago—he was born at Trelon in northern France in 1866—an uncle taught him English; in that language he became acquainted with Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book" and the tales of James Fenimore Cooper. But he got his real sense of the language first from a copy of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia," won as a prize in a handball tournament. Think that over, in terms of athletics as a collateral agency in education! When he was twenty-one he was teaching English; he won a degree in English at Paris in 1890. He was head of the English department at the famous College Stanislaus in Paris, alma mater of Anatole France and Rostand. In 1919 he delivered the Lowell Lectures at Harvard; in 1923 he was spokesman for France at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. He has traveled widely in America. As few foreigners do, he understands America and Americans. He "talks American."

So he is competent to speak to us of deep things in our life; yet what he speaks of is not in any parochial sense American. His is the language, the thought, the problem of man everywhere, at all times.

We can, and most of us do, most of the time, live in our lower stories. The Abbé Dimnet would entice us to the upstairs of ourselves.

## *Humble Creatures*

LIVES. By GUSTAV ECKSTEIN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

I KNOW of nothing sacred about Hokusai, nor of any solemn reason why an author of today, though still rather emergent than illustrious, should not, if he wants to, cause a book of his sketches of birds, cats, and turtles that have lived with him to be decorated with reproductions of appropriate brush-notes from the Mangwa. And yet, when such an author does "steal" (the verb is Dr. Eckstein's own) from Hokusai, and when, besides, I find his pages somewhat consciously artistic as to type and margins, the reaction of the Old Adam in me is Missourian. Oh, yeah? He's as good as all this, is he? Well, let him show me.

Which prefaces an unreserved acknowledgment that Dr. Eckstein has done so. He *is* as good. Those brush-notes *are* in place in his book—are, in fact, just the things for it. Altogether, if not an "important book," it is a book by itself, and a remarkable and delightful one. Even if it had not been preceded by his admired biography of Hideyo Noguchi, we should know beyond mistake that somebody had appeared in his person.

At a glance, "Lives" would probably be classified as nature-and-pets stuff. It is very much more. Often the white rat, the parrot, or the pigeon comes out as a kind of self-portrait of the author, a fact of which at moments he is unconcernedly, or at any rate humorously, aware. He has a deep sense of the world's erratic cruelty and the absurdity of rebellion against it; he sees all this exemplified in the fortunes of these waifs that he has harbored. He endows them, some of them, with his peculiar appreciation of an enveloping tenderness and sympathy. It is in their behalf that he lets himself be troubled by a certain chronic mindfulness of the oncoming of death.

In a word, he makes precisely such use of them as one type of poet would make; and it is as poems, not as tales or observations of quaint pets by one who shares his personal belongings with them—who takes a parrot to the symphony winter nights under his coat, a macaw to restaurants, and a pigeon to Japan, who domiciles white rats in his desk drawers, and lets cockroaches sip from his coffee glass—that these Lives are so unusual.

But this will be giving a forbidding impression. You may get some idea of the general feel of them, apart from the literary texture, if you can imagine a compound of much of Alfred Kreymborg; more than a little of that long-vanished, engaging H. G. Wells who wrote both as scientist and social observer and as amused father about his young sons at play; a touch of Shaw's Androcles and another of the lighter side of his unfrocked Father Keegan; possibly a touch of the traditional Francis of Assisi as lover of "created nature." His style includes a *naïveté and a simplicity* that can be openly childlike when he wants to disarm you, but that never run to irritating prattle. And an economy that dispenses with most of the ordinary rhetorical road-signs for readers, and will win you in five minutes to his view that mere commas are better, as handled by him.

"Father of Eight," about canaries, appeared in *Harper's* and seems to be the Life that people speak of when you recommend the book. Anyone would agree that a good deal of it is charming, despite its having more than its share of that "anthropomorphic habit" which Dr. Eckstein says a colleague imputes to him, and therefore of those lurches into sentimental pathos of which he is occasionally guilty. It is not, however, fully representative. My choices would be three. "A Day in a Macaw's Life," done diary fashion, is a continuous ripple of the most guileless-looking mirth. Simple as the Hokusai brush-notes, "One Million Cockroaches" yet contrives—with artful help from a few glimpses of a lugubrious janitor who is sure he is soon to die—to give you an almost awed appreciation of the mechanical wonder, the power to survive, and the invincible abundance of the cockroach. "Joe" is the one Life whose subject is a human. His story is told at full length, with a solemn pretense of dispassionate recording, as if these were the facts in the case of a Portuguese-born gardener, noted for some file. I will not measure terms in expressing my admiration of "Joe." If it is not a little masterpiece, I do not know one. With perfect honesty, it has a compassion that puts the fiction of Frank Harris, whose forte was compassion, to shame.

## *The Monk's Lottery*

LIFE OF MENDEL. By HUGO ILTIS. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

THIS book transports you back to about 1860; the scene: the quasi-medieval section of "Old" Brünn, Moravia, with its low ancient houses packed closely around the stately walls of the monastery of St. Thomas. Behind the town towers the Spielberg, the lower and gentler slopes of which are marked by vineyards and orchards laid out in emerald patterns.

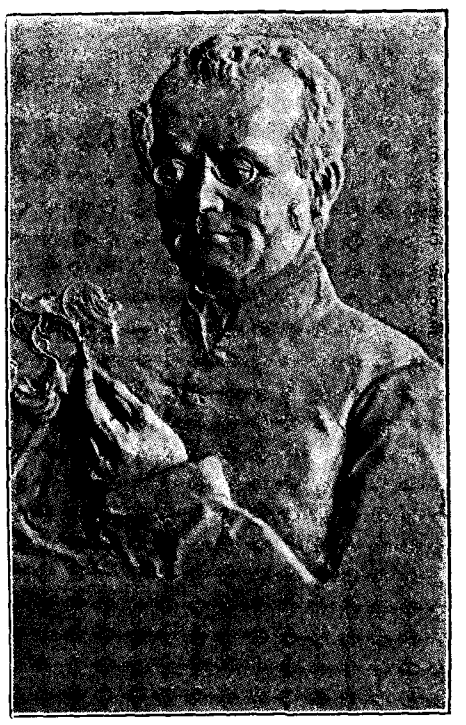
Within the confines of the white monastic walls a double row of aged limes leads away to the red brick church, or a little to the left, to the squat quadrangle of monastery buildings connected with the church by a walled alley-way. In the back beyond the alley-way and running along the farther wall is a narrow strip of flower garden planted mostly—and strangely enough—in careful rows of white and violet peas trained to staves, broken branches of trees, and stretched strings; but with here and there a rectangular patch of golden-brown hawkweed, blue columbine, orange nasturtium, or white snapdragon.

On any bright spring day one might find a monk of medium height, broad-shouldered, a little corpulent, with blue eyes twinkling in a friendly fashion through gold-rimmed glasses, pursuing some mystifying task among the flowers: with fine forceps and camels-hair brush he goes from one blossom to another, opening the petals and carefully removing the anthers; then dusting the stigma with pollen from another plant, he ties around the flower a little bag of calico or paper to keep away any industrious bee or enterprising pea-weevil. With a half-embarrassed smile he gestures toward the multi-colored flowers around him: "My children," he calls them. Long after his death, and far away from his monastery garden, Pater Mendel's name was to become a household word because, thirty years before the scientific world was ready for it, he formulated the fundamental laws of heredity.

Pater Mendel had a scientific mind. He made the best of his opportunities, seeking both happiness and truth among his flowers until such time as his fellow monks dispelled them all from his life and sent him into intellectual oblivion by electing him prelate. How much better it would have been had be been degraded to gardener, for then he could have cogitated upon the calculus of probabilities and pondered over his mystical botanical mathematics to some end. Other forms of mysticism did not seem to appeal to him. When a tornado swept the garden clean and tore out the monastery windows, he did not fall back upon unctuous allusions about the omnipotence of the deity or the unfathomable purposes of the Creator; rather he poked kindly fun at the old women of the town for talking about the Evil One, and from their observations and his own he reconstructed a careful description of the storm, giving its direction of rotation and translation, its speed, its duration, and of the movement of neighboring clouds. What Pater Mendel believed about God (and about Darwin) no one has ever found out.

The secret of Mendel's success lay in the fact that, unlike his predecessors and contemporaries who investigated hybrids, he did not begin by crossing multifarious varieties; instead he chose for hybridization two plants alike except for one or a few characters. It was thus that he discovered that the plant was made up of a mosaic of immutable unit characters (which cytologists later put upon a protoplasmic basis in the chromosomes and the hypothetical genes), formulated the law of dominance and recession, and demonstrated that during the reshuffling which occurs at birth (fertilization) the characters are distributed to the offspring according to the laws of chance. Modern geneticists have gone far beyond Mendel, but no farther than Mendel went beyond Nägeli.

The significance of Pater Mendel's work has been aptly memorialized by Charlemont, the sculptor of his monument: never shall a boy and girl clasp hands without this monk's lottery casting the consequences. What price, Dr. Rosenbach,



PATER MENDEL
FROM A MONUMENT BY CHARLEMONT

for the manuscript of "Versuche über Pflanzenhybriden" which Professor Iltis saved from the flames and gave to the Brünn Museum? No more than for "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium?"

This book is a belated but welcome translation of a careful work which occupied Professor Iltis many years. The author has gone to great pains to reconstruct Mendel's life, and he has written the book with both sympathy and technical proficiency. Everyone concerned with its production, and particularly Professor Iltis, is to be congratulated.

*Homer W. Smith is professor of physiology, University and Bellevue Medical College. He is the author of "Kamongo*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *The Birth of a Soul*

UNDERTOW. By A. HAMILTON GIBBS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book tells of the beginning of ambition and deep feeling in a man who has been a shabby sort of drifter, and of his tragic struggle to make a real life of it from his hand-to-mouth existence. It is saved from the curse of the novel of redemption, not only because it is in every way better written than the majority of them, but by the ironic fact that the hero's soul comes to birth through what the conventions would call vice. At the beginning he is an underpaid, unregarded master in a tenth-rate English school for boys of eight or ten. It is a wretched life, but it was the easiest thing for him to do, he can get along without much effort, and he does not feel enough not to be content. His first awakening comes from looking at a French picture book that would undoubtedly be classed as pornographic, but which comes to him as a revelation of the beauties of the world and the life in his own veins. But this does not itself take him from his rut; he becomes engaged to a girl who is as obvious and respectable as the rest of his career. It is only when he has a holiday in France and falls in loev with a girl there that he finds out why he was made. And then, after a brief idyll, the forces of convention all drag him back toward the line of least resistance.

This is not an important or extraordinary book, but it is notable for the unusual depth of sympathy which the author feels and inspires—sympathy in its true sense of fellow-feeling. He has taken a leading character who is superficially quite unattractive, and of whom one would in the ordinary way be inclined to say that his misfortunes were his own fault, and he has made his lethargic misery, his happiness, and his struggles to keep it, both convincing and affecting. It is a book that succeeds in being very readable without being trivial.

## *Inescapable End*

YEAR BEFORE LAST. By KAYE BOYLE. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THE short story has seemed the perfect medium for the microscopically detailed analysis of emotion with which Kaye Boyle's work has been concerned since the very beginning. Her style, too, seeking always the last refinement of phrase and rhythm, suggested shorter forms than the novel. But in "Year before Last," a full-length novel, Miss Boyle shows conclusively that both her style and her analysis are completely under her control; she can bend them to whatever task she chooses. There are no uncertainties in the book, no experimentations, from the first page to the last the story moves along as relentlessly as time itself on some tragic mission bent. And the style, despite its disquieting, poetic beauty, remains purely the medium for communication of the emotional and psychological vortex from which the book is builded.

The story is told from the point of view of Hannah, but the character most vividly given is that of Martin. It opens abruptly on the day that Hannah joins him at the château on the French Riviera. From Hannah's thought, from scraps of their conversation, the past very slowly takes form for the reader. There is a husband in England whom Hannah has left to be with Martin. There is a wealthy aunt whom Martin has had to give up to be with Hannah. Each knows almost nothing about the other, except the strange necessity that has drawn them together. In the brilliant sunlight with their bright new love Martin's cough seems to mean very little, and they scarcely notice their complete lack of funds. With the old car, the three dogs, and Martin's brave chamois cape they seem almost safe against the world.

The most important thing in the world to Martin—and both accept this fundamental fact—is his magazine. That must go on—a refuge for the beauty and truth that more commercial journals will have none of. For Martin his publication is both a mission and a symbol. And the money for its being is dependent upon his aunt, the aunt who offers him his choice, either Hannah or the magazine, not both. There is no money even for living expenses, they are put out of the château. They compromise, they sacrifice each other, but circumstance will have none of it and throws them back upon one another, still without money and now with very little hope. They begin the long, agonizing trip along the bright Riviera towns where Martin's hemorrhages force them from one sorry hotel to another, on and on to that inevitable end that neither Martin's will nor his gay chamois cape can hold at bay.

Every day, almost every hour, of the time covered by the story is suggested if not described with an intensity usually reserved for only the dramatic moments. All events stand out clear and hard in a brilliance of illumination that leaves their shadows deep and black beside them. A sound, a gesture shows in sharp significance against the tenseness of the situations growing out of three personalities in contest. Yet nowhere is there any sense of strain in the writing, no feeling of overdoing or exaggeration; the strain, the almost unbearable intensity lies within the situation itself, inescapable.

With this book it may be hoped that Kaye Boyle will reach the larger public she deserves. Here, while she loses nothing of her own peculiar and personal distinction, she does achieve a fuller-bodied work that will have a wider appeal than any of her work that has appeared before.

## *Post-Erskine*

CRESSIDA'S FIRST LOVER. By JACK LINDSAY. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I CANNOT become excited about this novel, even as a light one for summer reading; and I must confess that I fell into a most restful sleep in the middle of it. It might have been titled "The Compleat Minx"; note that antique spelling! It attempts the kind of thing John Erskine ten-struck with in "Helen of Troy." This is not to say that Mr. Lindsay does not display flashes of a style of his own, chiefly in short descriptive passages. But the complete minx has been overdone in fiction recently, ranging all the way from the charming and bewildered lady who just "can't help it" to the out-and-out and unashamed tart. Doubtless Mr. Lindsay's Cressida is like a good many girls to whom any man is just another male to be made use of for whatever benefits may accrue,—but what of it? Her kind of exhibitionism has become rather tiresome.

"Cressida's First Lover" is not without sprightliness, even though it somehow lacks real wit. The men are all stupid (except for the wandering shepherd and the flowery-serpentine Bubares, the Carthaginian). Embroilments become so many toward the end of the book that the effect is patchy and confused. The gluttonous Megistias is a character well-realized, although there is really nothing to him except his grossness. Still, he sticks in the mind. This reader, at least, did not give a single whoop for what happened to Cressida herself. An intensely boresome woman with nothing but looks and that forthright femaleness so distinguished in our day by the appellatives "It" or "S.A." Mr. Lindsay does display a knowledge of the catty side of women, and this is amusing at times. Perhaps if John Erskine had not modernized the ancients ere this, making that type of tale his particular appanage, I could be more excited over Mr. Lindsay's novel. He is at times a deft writer, and he can create atmosphere. But the best writing in his book hints to me of a poet *manqué*. It would interest me more to see him using his talents as a poet. Cleverness of the kind he aims at here has been achieved by surer hands. One prefers Norman Douglas.

## *Child Prodigies*

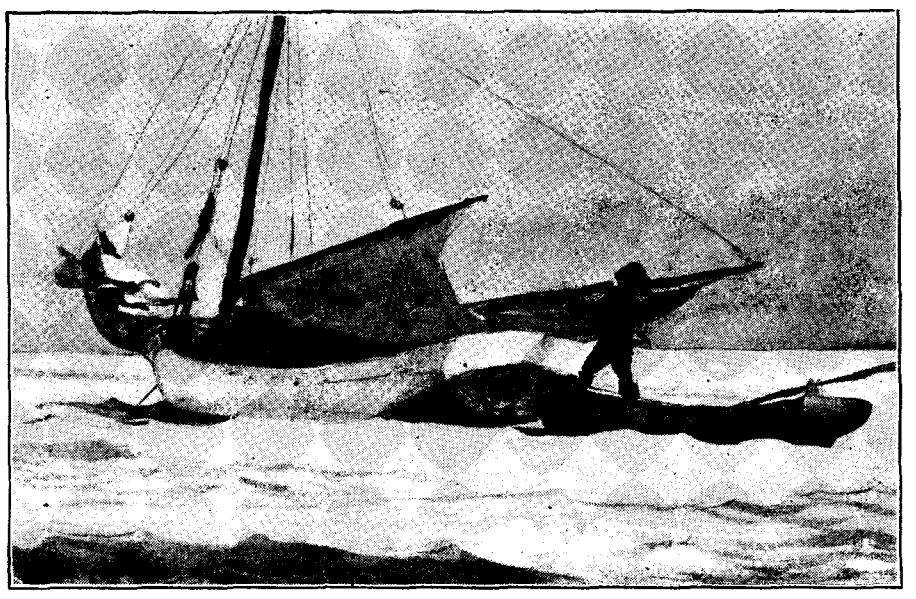
THE RUEFUL MATING. By G. B. STERN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by CHRISTINA H. BAKER

MISS STERN has written a wise and humorous book. The exploitation of child talent is a sad theme and might easily be too poignant to follow. But humor enlivens it, and wisdom gives it proportion. In one case, the talent of a child poet is exaggerated by that sentimental, unbalanced enthusiasm which the English find peculiarly American and in which they suspect the profiteer. In the other case, selfishness, laziness, and pride force the support of the family from a child actor. The adults who surround the girl are foolish, sentimental, obtuse, morbid, obstinate; those about the boy are selfish and stupid. All are alike un-understanding. Surely there would be one understanding person in an environment that includes New York literary coterie, English county, and English Main Street. But "unnatural" is the impossible word to apply to experience and indeed fate often deals bad hands to the end of the game. Halcyon Day—the choice of the little girl's name gives a picture of her American family at once. The horror of the matter-of-fact English father when he finds his ten-year-old child in the spotlight of New York publicity has immediate result. He takes her forthwith to England to make of her an ordinary hearty country child. The inherent soundness of Hal's nature is pathetically evident in her effort to adapt herself to so impersonal a background in a life so childishly dull after forced maturity. Only in Eden Herring, the boy actor, whose social position makes him almost invisible to her English family, does she find one who speaks her own language. His life of hard actualities has made him worldly-wise beyond his years, while her life has overdeveloped her romantic sentiment. But together they are in harmony. The love between them, the sense of "belonging," is beautifully handled by Miss Stern and is another element in the balanced presentation that makes reading the story a delightful, rather than too sad, adventure.

The poor children bear the scars of their precocity. Their marriage, at seventeen and eighteen, may indeed be "rueful." But we shall wait for the next volume of a hoped-for trilogy with the same eagerness as that with which we look for the completion of the stories about us, for Miss Stern's artistry has given her characters real life.

Praise should be added for the format of the book. When so much care was expended on the page, how could the jacket have escaped the artist's eye? Let no reader be deterred from an experience well worth while by this misleading cover.



CARIBBEAN SEAS, BY HOMER WINSLOW

## *In Central America*

BANANA GOLD. By CARLETON BEALS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE suggestive title of Mr. Beals's new book, plus his extensive writings on Mexico, seems to promise something more or less solid and matured on the subject of Central America in general and its banana country in particular—a promise not fulfilled.

In 1928, Mr. Beals contrived to reach and to interview, in his mountain hiding-place, the much-discussed and mysterious Sandino. It was a good journalistic stunt at the time and its concrete results duly appeared in the papers. The present book would appear to be a sort of by-product of that difficult enterprise, the picturesque ragtag-and-bobtail of a hasty traveller's notebook.

Mr. Beals proceeded from Mexico to Guatemala, thence by way of El Salvador and Honduras, cross-country into Nicaragua. After his talk with Sandino—of whom we get little in this place beyond the author's impression of him as an able, patriotic guerilla-chieftain, the Robin Hood hero of the countryside—he went on to Managua, whence, after putting Minister Eberhardt, General McCoy, and most of the other Americans he met in their places, he travelled across Lake Nicaragua to Bluefields, and finally, by way of the West Coast, back to Mexico again. There are scrappy references to the people, politics, and economic conditions of all the countries mentioned, none of it new, touched with imagination, or adding anything substantial, either by way of esthetic pleasure or concrete knowledge.

It is perfectly possible, of course, for a man who loves and has more or less lived the life of an exotic country, to write something very much worth while about it without ever discussing its problems "seriously." It is perfectly possible for a man who doesn't know a foreign country *au fond* at all, but is charmed by it, to do something worth while—as Mr. Beals himself did when he first beat his way down to Mexico—with his vivid first impressions.

In "Banana Gold," Mr. Beals is neither the one nor the other. And he is hindered throughout—first, by his determination to be picturesque all the time and at all costs (and the false notion that if you throw even the most routine travel details into direct dialogue and mention enough "tall, slim" men, "short, fat" men, "voluptuous girls," pineapples, cocoanuts, and what not, regardless of their emotional significance, you *are* thereby being "picturesque"); and secondly, by the very obvious emotional bias with which the whole narrative is written and the author's constant and obtrusive self-consciousness of himself as the warm-hearted, liberal hero, forever defying and putting to shame the malignant powers-that-be, and, in particular, his own imperialistic countrymen.

It would be unnecessarily ungracious to go through this disappointing volume, page by page, and pile up examples of its superficiality and curiously sophomoric bumptiousness. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Beals, who has done enough good work to be accepted as more or less of an expert in his line, should, by now, take his public more seriously; be the artist or objective student, if he can; the propagandist, if he must; but in any case, drop this meretricious straining for the insignificantly picturesque, moderate, at least for literary ends, his preoccupation with "voluptuous" chambermaids, waitresses, and all the other women who constantly eye our hero with "receptive, suggestive glances—a word would suffice," and, in general, climb out of his extraordinary mixture of pseudo-intellectual and drug-store cowboy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *Is It Hakluyt?*

(*Continued from page* 825)

elected chief. In 1893 he was working on the Siberian railway, a poor boy, with one idea, to go North. He bought a cart and horse, he trekked, not for months, but for years, across upper Siberia, crossing rivers in rafts, dragging his cart through swamps, living with beasts and wilder men. He exchanged his horse for reindeer (of fascinating and almost incredible habits), crossed the ice to New Siberia, lived near Eskimos of an unspeakable degradation through the terrifying night of his first Polar winter, keeping warm by coal from a seam, escaping through his phlegm the madness which often overtakes the Polar settlers among the horrible clamors of the first freezing of the ice. Shipping on a visiting whaling-ship he earned the supplies which kept him alive through a second winter. On the island he found the Polar settlers who were to become his friends and neighbors, strange castaways from many nations, living a life as organized as the Eskimos, and as different from outside experience. He became a trader, supplying the miners of the brief gold rush of that day, was honest, resourceful, skilful with his hands, so that most of their scanty findings of gold flowed into his cave. Gradually he extended his operations until he was known from Novaya Zemlya on the West to the Mackenzie on the East, halfway round the Pole. Then with comrades he went to the United States to organize a market for furs and supplies and came back through Alaska at the height of the Klondike gold fever, amidst many adventures. His hair grew below his knees, and the Eskimo girls combed it and tied it in ribbons. This was to impress the natives with whom he traded. But now he was a great man in the North and needed no swank to support his dignity. As chief his duty was to administer the Northern justice, directed against murder and the debauching of natives by poisoned brandy. A jury of twelve first hunted down their men, then tried them, then shot, hung, or burned them alive on their sledges, according to the gravity of their punishment. He was a super medicine man too, and worked with the Eskimo prophets to mould new noses on frost-bitten faces (the originals having come off at a pull) and graft them to the cheeks with skin from a baby's back. But Laplander Pitt's (this is a first-hand experience) new nose was so red and ugly in its Eskimo flatness, and so embarrassing with its single nostril, that the poor fellow shot himself, a common practice among whites mutilated by the terrible frosts. He tells of the white bird that heralds the Spring, flying so high above the islands that the still invisible sun shines upon its wings. It flies north, and when some days later it returns the sun comes with it. He tells of the sea about to freeze for the winter—

> Nowhere the slightest trace of ice on the sea. In the early evening about a foot above the surface, tiny stars were leaping, small points of fire, little sparks, as if some invisible person had lit them. It may have been frozen vapor which was rising from the sea. I do not know what it was, but the sight of it was joy.

He adopted an Eskimo baby to save it from stomach ripping, their method of disposing of the useless, a white woman with T. B. from New York spent a winter in his cave and was cured, men snapped off their frost-bitten fingers on his table —but these are just the high points of a narrative which is interesting, not because it is sensational here and there, but for its very interesting picture of a pioneer culture more self-supporting and more self-organized than that of the Indian traders whom Stewart Edward White writes about. No one can read "Thirty Years in the Golden North" without adding a new terrain to his imagination.

This reviewer is willing to certify to the excellence and to the apparent sincerity, which is not to say the accuracy, of Welzl's life story. But the scientists who have explored where he lives should have their say. Welzl reads, but only magazines such as *Über Land und Meer,* he cannot read maps, he had only the vaguest idea of where he was. His studies of the Eskimo, while close enough, were untrained and doubtless prejudiced. His accounts of the Polar North and its inhabitants remind us powerfully of the pioneer's crude and misleading descriptions of the American Indians, whose culture we are now just beginning to understand. We have persuaded Mr. Stefansson to comment on the scientific aspects (if any) of this book. They would be not the most important aspects in any case, but a book so vigorous, so picturesque, and so appealing as this one, a book of reminiscences by an uneducated man, deserves an appendix by a trained observer.

## *Or Is It a Hoax?*

(*Continued from page* 825)

girls a figure just half of the low one that had startled the scientists. In other words, the author, instead of being misinformed or careless, is well informed and sets down his misstatements deliberately.

Clearly our author is more concerned than Bacon that his cryptogram shall be understood, for there are many key sentences, all with one meaning. On the same page, for instance, we have, "When an Eskimo child is born the whole family is generally present."

Here again the author shows that he knows what he is talking about. It is one of the most widely and uniformly spread of Eskimo taboos, as well as the most astonishing to the European mind, that no one must be with the mother when a child is born. The rule is that the expectant woman is placed in a house specially constructed for her and this house tightly closed so that no one can peer into it even through a crevice. Or everybody may move out of a regular dwelling, leaving the woman alone in possession. In some districts no one should be within hearing distance of her possible cries. In a few districts the woman's mother is permitted to be just outside the door and to shout advice in to her daughter during the period of delivery, and there are places where (perhaps because of learning from Europeans or other neighboring peoples) a sort of midwife is permitted or even the husband.

It seems clear that only an author well aware of this extraordinary taboo would write into a book like "Thirty Years in the Golden North" the sentence, "When an Eskimo child is born the whole family is generally present."

Two facts known to scientists the world over and to travellers in the Arctic are coupled in one more of the key sentences. First we give the facts and then the sentence.

The evidence seems conclusive that while even clean negroes smell bad to whites and clean whites to mongols, the mongols (and therefore Eskimos) do not correspondingly smell bad to whites (and probably not to negroes).

Of all the natives of North America, none have mixed so readily and uniformly with whites as the Eskimos. Acordingly, there is now, for instance, more white than native blood among the so-called Eskimos of Greenland, and three-fourths of all the white men residing in Eskimo territory have, legal or otherwise, Eskimo wives.

We are now prepared for a sentence and a half on p. 219. "The main reason why nobody wants to marry them (the Eskimos) is . . . on account of their strong smell. For that reason alone there is not much mixture of races."

"Thirty Years in the Golden North" is, for these and many other reasons, not an accurate travel book, which nobody has claimed; not a merely imaginatively inaccurate book, which could not be maintained; not a book written by an untruthful or ignorant person; but one published for some purpose by a man whose grim and cynical humor leads him to write down solemnly, without any strengthening beyond the solemnity, a series of yarns and assertions not amusing nor having any merit in themselves.

What, then, is the purpose of "Thirty Years in the Golden North?" It is intended as a supreme test of public gullibility.

This conclusion, to which the interpretation of our key sentences leads us, does not appear so strange when we remember that there may be in existence no aged and maundering Jan Welzl, who is given on the title page as the author, and that there may never have been those more than typically inaccurate newspaper correspondents who are said to have interviewed him.

But there is a Karel Capek, one of the sardonic geniuses of our time, who signs an equivocal preface. Is he the real author? That is our guess—he or some crony of his. If you still remember "The Insect Comedy" of the Capek brothers, better staged (by William Brady) in New York than it was in London, you will feel that this book might easily be a Capek way of laughing at us and of putting over on the critics, whom he probably loves as most authors do, and on a public whose intelligence he may not revere, a hoax the very crudeness and dulness of which makes the swallowers of it as ridiculous as he wants them to appear.

We suggest that Karl Capek is here bidding for the third position among the great hoaxes of our time. The first of the at length completed trilogy was by David Starr Jordan, directed against the scientists, the second by Arthur Ficke and Witter Bynner, a thrust at the poets and literary critics.

Jordan had been impressed with the futility of a great deal that passes for scientific research and with the average stupidity of the highly placed scientists. Perhaps as much for proving this to himself as to others, he set out to establish a thesis: If the man who announces a scientific discovery is eminent, if he publishes solemnly enough and through a recognized medium, then, no matter how futile and absurd his problem, methods, and conclusions, he will be praised for the brilliance of his hypothesis, commended for the method of his research, and supported in his conclusions by a large number of the most eminent men, who will in some cases confirm his findings by parallel researches.

Jordan, already a foremost scientist, published through the official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science a working hypothesis and an account of alleged research with certain pretended conclusions. He got all the results that he hoped for. At the end of a year or so he announced that there had been no research and that he had merely been experimenting to see how dull a hoax the supposedly intelligent scholar would swallow. His friends among the scientists of the country were not so many thereafter.

With a similar thesis, Ficke and Bynner wrote in verse form the damndest nonsense (as Ficke puts it) that either of them could think of. Each examined the product of the other and blue penciled whatever seemed to have rationality or even the appearance of sense. Then they published the volume "Spectra, by Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish," and most of the poets, with most of the critics, fell for it. One distinguished poet (Ficke tells me) wrote to the effect that "Spectra" was not only the greatest single forward step made by poetry in our time, but was probably the greatest single stride in any generation.

Now that the secret has been given away, it is difficult to read a page of "Spectra" with a straight face. In that respect this poetic hoax differs from the scientific hoax of Jordan and the travel hoax of Capek. That the scientist and dramatist are capable of brilliant writing is shown, for instance, by Jordan's "Higher Foolishness" and Capek's "Insect Comedy." But through their very purpose each of them had to make his hoax a piece of unrelieved stupidity. For Jordan wanted to be able to say at the end of a year (as he did) that the scientist had been taken in by a statement that had no merit whatever beyond its heavy solemnity. That, we guess, is Capek's plan for some such time as the anniversary of publication in 1933.

The scientists of thirty years ago would not have been so ridiculous had there been any merit in Jordan's publication. The reviewers, whose comments on the book allegedly by the perhaps existing Welzl are already in my scrapbook, will not be a year from now quite as ridiculous as I think they are unless Capek has really been repeating the Jordan stunt.

The scientists, poets, and critics, at least those of them who escaped the trap, seem fairly unanimous that Jordan and the Bynne-Ficke team rendered a valuoble service to scholarship and criticism. The *Popular Science Monthly,* then the official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is recognized as having done well when it gave Jordan a chance to perpetrate his hoax under the right auspices, nor is Mitchell Kennerley blamed for having issued "Spectra." It is then to be hoped that the Macmillan Company, perhaps the most austere of our publishing houses, will receive its meed of praise for lending by its imprint the required dignity to "Thirty Years in the Golden North."

(*A copy of the foregoing letter has been sent to Mr. Capek, and whatever response he may make to Mr. Stefansson's ingenious theory will be printed in the* Saturday Review.—*The Editor.*)

## *Poem*

By FRANCES FROST

AGAINST the doom of death that we inherit
We have forsworn the bulwarks of defence
Which lovers, staggered by love's impotence,
Erect with hungry faith and temporal vows.
Having assumed this clay, shall we not wear it
Proudly, the little time our breath allows,
And relinquish it as proudly? Dare we say
How fares the quiet heart oblivious
Alike to neighboring heart and upper day,
Or dare foretell the darkened mind's desire
In that eclipse of the body's inmost fire?
Not then will the wind be on us, nor shall we
Stand drenched in failing light who now are risen
Shining and dripping from the evening sea.
Not then will the surge of wild sweet air grow colder
On my open breast whereto your lips are given,
Nor shall I know your weight and the deep field riven
And the taste of salt upon your naked shoulder.


### *A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading*

THIRTY YEARS IN THE GOLDEN NORTH. By JAN WELZL. *Macmillan.*

The reminiscences of a solitary who made a career in the frozen regions of Siberia.

THE STORE. By T. S. STRIBLING. *Doubleday, Doran.*

The story of an Alabama family.

WHAT WE LIVE BY. By ABBÉ DIMNET. *Simon & Schuster.*

An informal discussion, by the author of "The Art of Thinking," of the principles and ideals which actuate right living.



*The Saturday Review* of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY .....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN .....*Managing Editor*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 8. No. 51.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."


*Copyright, 1932, Saturday Review Co., Inc.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The BOWLING GREEN

## *Human Being*

XXIV. THE BRASS RING

IN those days, and perhaps still, many of the publishers had their Chicago offices in the People's Gas Building, but any symbolism implied by this was unintentional. Richard, after a busy tour among bookstores, arrived at the People's Gas to meet Pete Sampson in the advertising bureau of Dill's Magazine. His and Pete's itineraries were similar, and both had to remain in Chi over the week-end. They were feeling lonely and glad of each other's company. Richard had just stopped in at the Blackstone in the hope of a letter from home, but found none. "Let's have dinner together," said Pete. "There's a place called Schlogl's, over in the newspaper district. They say lots of writers go there."

This was 1915, and I believe Schlogl's had not then become famous. Probably its collection of authors' autographs had not been started; I think it was not until Mencken's manifesto about Chicago as the literary capital that the town became autograph-conscious. At any rate, when Hubbard looked through the signatures, years later, he found no trace of Richard Roe's unassuming passage. But whether obscure or fashionable, Schlogl's kitchen and cellar were always honest. Pete and Richard sat comfortably over thick chops and mugs of beer, exchanging confidences on their adventures with their customers. Then Pete happened to say, "I see your brother's in town." He had noticed Shad Roe's name on a vaudeville poster. "Fine," said Richard. "Let's call up the theatre and find out where he's staying. He'll get us a couple of Annie Oakleys and we'll catch the show."

Richard had not seen his volatile brother for some time. They reached him by telephone at a theatrical hotel on North Clark Street, and he insisted on their meeting him backstage after his act was over. They made their way to his dressing room through a leash of trained dogs who were just coming off and a troupe of midgets about to go on. Shad, in his undershirt, was wiping off cold cream and make-up with a grimy towel. Perspiration stood in large drops on his shiny forehead: his act ended with some very strenuous eccentric dancing. "Well, boys," he cried, "what about that routine? It's a wow, a sensation. It's got to be, in a spot like that—trained animals ahead of me and a pack of midgets behind. Never mind, they're great little folks. They're coming up to the room for a party, and you guys must join us."

It was Saturday night, and evidently Shad intended to make the most of it. Also he enjoyed startling his older brother, whom he regarded as something of a prude. "The midgets'll be along presently," he said, turning in at a barroom near the theatre. "Let's have a cocktail first. I'll match you." They had Bronxes, which were still in fashion then. Good old Bronx, the favorite cocktail of a pre-War world—who ever hears of it now?

"Have to open champagne for the little people," he continued. (Part of Shad's act on the stage was quick-fire monologue, and he carried the habit into private life. Besides, if the ghost has duly walked, troupers are in high spirits after the Saturday night show.) "Midgets always drink champagne, I don't know why. Makes them feel bigger, I guess. Well, Dick, old stick-in-the-mud, here's luck. How's the book business?"

⁂ ⁂

For some reason the actor always seemed to find something comic in the idea of Richard in the book trade. You would have to read the classified advertising in *The Billboard*—which should be studied occasionally by anyone wishing to be reminded of the fantastic richness of life—to get any notion of the very different world in which Shad moved. In that temperamental realm of vaudeville, circuses, amusement parks, dance halls, medicine shows, it would be natural to consider rather dull anything as slow and methodical as selling books. Even long after he had left the show business, Richard himself used to buy a copy of *The Billboard* now and then. It's better reading than most novels. How many temptations and Business Opportunities: here is the Hotsie Totsie Sport Handkerchief—"Miniature Pair Ladies' Silk Panties, worn in breast pocket as a dress handkerchief. Pure silk. Attractive colors. 25c stamps." Here is the fresh crop of Mexican Jumping Beans, $8.50 per pound. "Lots of pep; every bean guaranteed alive."—Or Auto Hot Shot Bombs: "A funny new Joke for cars. Attach to spark plug. When driver steps on starter, BANG goes the HOT SHOT. No harm to car or driver. $8.50 gross." Horoscopes and Gazing Crystals; Baby Elephants, Pythons, Monkeys, Kangaroos; Whoopee Seat Squealers, Frozen Kustard Machines, Ferris Wheels, Miniature Railways, Whales, Flea Circuses. Are any of these any use to you? Here is a man advertising a Flea Circus, Complete with Banners, for $25. What short story could be more prettily told than the suggestion for selling perfumery. "Work the Filling Stations," says the India Incense Company. "As a car pulls in for gas raise the hood and put one drop of VAPORINCENSE on the hot manifold. Instantly the fan will blow the odor into the car, and the occupants will be curious to know where this most exquisite fragrance is coming from. Then explain to them what it is and its various uses in the home. AND YOU'VE MADE A SALE." Do you want a Pitchmen's Spiel Book, 35 cents? Second-hand moving picture films, "Westerns, Comedies, Hygiene Specials." Tattooing outfits, illustrated folder of designs free. Do you require Merrygo-rounds, Freaks, Girl Trumpet Players, Formulas? "Formulas—Our Literature will surprise you," says one mage, tersely. Legpads, Rubber Busts, Wigs, Opera Hose, Lung-Testing Machines and Laughing Mirrors.—"Make Big Money Selling Hair Straightener to Colored People" suggests Richmond, Va. Rochester has a Three-Legged Pig and Three-Legged Chicken, both in perfect health. New Orleans offers Chameleons, only fresh-caught stock shipped. Seattle has ten-foot Devilfish for $25. Jackson, Mich., reports that Rice's Five Comedy Pigs are At Liberty. "Positively no other pig act on earth like it. Laugh insurance for your crowds." Also at liberty, "Astrologist and Mitt Reader, wishes position with medicine show. Would consider lecturing for freak." An orchestra wants engagements, has played three seasons at Russell's Point, Ohio, "the Atlantic City of the Middle West." A Stilt Walker, young, sober, experienced; for any occasion. Ten feet or higher. And any number of saxophonists all doubling clarinet, all "hot and sweet." Half-Man-Half-Woman is "young, strong feature; A1 wardrobe and lecture." A Show Boat at Spottsville, Kentucky, wants "Versatile Teams, Gen. Bus. do char. and spec. Comedian and Ingenue Team with hot specs. Good habits essential."—Comment on human frailty is the advertisement of a slot machine "especially designed to reject everything except genuine U. S. coins. It cannot possibly be operated with matches, toothpicks, cardboard, metal shims, wire, iron slugs or by any other popular cheating method." The student of these matters gradually begins to observe also a geographical specialization. Why do the acrobats and contortionists come from New England; freaks, medicine men and clowns from Chicago; musicians and balloonists from the Middle West? Then, among these lighter notes, enters the deep voice of tragedy—

*To Jennie Bertot, Lawrence Petersen, Jack Hoxie, Freda McPherson, Carl Sowitz, Mrs. Conk, Mannina, Sarah Mason, Mrs. Flo Jones, James Mathews, George Wolcott and Chas. R. O'Donnell.*

Will the above circus employees injured in train wreck at Iron Mountain, Mich., communicate with me *at once?* I just recovered $20,000 from the railroad company and will assist you.

STEVE SABOL
Iron Mountain General Hospital,
Iron Mountain, Mich.

⁂ ⁂

This was the queer, gay, generous, and cruel world inhabited by Shad Roe, whose nickname, incidentally, was a testimonial to slick and slippery qualities. A world too likely to be romanticized by outsiders: it involves as much drudgery and arduous patience as any other. But it lives on the instantaneous response of its audience. Shad's own brand of salesmanship, on the vaudeville stage, was immediate and instinctive. If (in his own phrase) he put something over and it lay there, he knew at once what was wrong and varied his routine. Anything as slow and indirect as selling books seemed to him a waste of life's exciting hours. There was only one thing worth selling—Himself. Sometimes, when overstocked with this commodity, he had to job off large consignments of it below cost. At such times he rather resented the security of Richard's employment.

But on this occasion Shad seemed to be flush. Apparently Mr. Merton, the manager of Merton's Midgets, had some private engagement that evening, and Shad had volunteered to give the troupe a good time. "But don't say anything about the War," he warned Richard and Pete. "These little folks are all Germans, and if you pull any patriotism on them they'll get sore. They might even paste you one on the beezer. They're mighty sensitive."

It was a party that required considerable tact. A theatrical hotel, fortunately, is never surprised at anything: Shad ordered Wiener Schnitzel and sourkraut served on bread and butter plates in his dingy sitting-room. A bucket of champagne came up, and liqueur glasses for the guests. They waited for them with the door open; Shad explained "they don't like to have to knock so near the bottom of the door, it sounds funny." High chairs were brought. Pete and Richard, fearing embarrassments, thought it best to have a good start. They had considerably punished one bottle by the time the four midgets arrived.

Pete Sampson confessed afterward that the occasion rather gave him the willies. "They were dressed fit to kill," he said, "evening gowns and tuxedos, but their fingernails were black, like children's. But you should have seen Richard, he got on with 'em like a house afire. You'd have thought he was a midget himself. Although Shad warned us, there was something disconcerting about their strong German accent. Goodness knows what their names really were: they were introduced as Jumbo, the General, Miss Elsa and Miss Lena. The General seemed the leading spirit. I asked him if he was related to the famous General Tom Thumb. 'I do not know who it iss,' he squeaked. 'I am Scheneral Dismay.' They brought their own small-sized knives and forks with them in a little jewel-case. While the table was being laid they sat on the sofa in a row, very erect, the ladies most careful about the arrangement of their skirts. They talked politely about the business the show was doing."

But the midgets were in gracious mood. To be relieved from the supervision of their manager was evidently a welcome escapade. The General would not hear of taking his champagne in a liqueur glass, and held the large goblet in both hands to drink the health of his host. "Und you are in de book business?" he said to Richard. "Dat is excellent, I too shall write a book, ven I retire from de staitch. It shall be given out in a very small edition so it vill not be heavy to carry." Richard said that the Erskines would be glad to see the manuscript, and they were immediate friends. After a few circulations of wine the talk became lively. Miss Elsa complained of the embarrassment caused by appearing on the same bill with trained animals. When she met the dogs in the dark backstage a big collie licked her face and spoiled her make-up.

⁂ ⁂

"Yes, it was quite a party," said Shad reminiscently. "I guess I oughtn't have let those little folks scoop up the champagne the way they did. Merton was very peeved about it afterwards. After a few dippers of wine the General went German on us. He stood up in his high chair and made a speech justifying submarine warfare. He was pretty sore about England; it was kinda pathetic to see him standing up in that baby-chair and telling it. Also he had a grievance on one of the stage crew who walked on him accidentally. Then, when we got him calmed down, Miss Elsa or Miss Lena, I don't know which, picked up her skirts and did a dance on the table. They had a great time till the General fell out of his chair, and then they kind of folded. They passed out, all four of 'em. I felt responsible, I'd promised Merton I'd see they got home all right. They were staying in the same hotel, so Dick and I picked 'em up, one under each arm, and carried 'em back to their rooms. I was afraid they'd be mad the next day, because those little folks are strong on dignity. But I don't think they ever knew how they got to bed. The General asked me about it, and I told him he went off down the corridor as steady as Hindenburg. He believed it.

"Dick sure loosened up that night. He made a great hit with the midgets. I guess he must have picked up some Dutch talk from old Mamma Geschwindt, because I remember him and the General chinning German together. That fellow Sampson went out like a light, we left him laying on the sofa. But by the time the midgets were put away I had sort of a yen for some life-size company. I could see in Brother Richard's eye that he wasn't as pious as he used to be. 'Let's go out and begin the evening right,' I says. Dick says something about going to bed. 'Oh, nonsense, you can lay in bed all day tomorrow. You're on the merrygoround already, might as well reach for the brass ring."

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

---

Carl Purington Rollins, Frederic Warde, and George Macy are announced by The Limited Editions Club as the jury to award a first prize of $2,500 to the artist submitting the best set of illustrations for a book.

Mr. Rollins, who is well known to readers of the *Saturday Review* as one of the conductors of the Compleat Collector department, is now Printer to Yale University; he conducted the Dyke Mill Press at Montague, Massachusetts, and is now printing with Mrs. Rollins at The Sign of The Chorobates in New Haven. Mr. Warde is editor of the *Dolphin, A Review of Fine Printing;* he was once director of the Princeton University Press, and is now consulting typographer at the plant of William Edwin Rudge in Mount Vernon. Mr. Macy is director of The Limited Editions Club.

In addition to awarding the first prize, this jury will recommend for purchase by the Club eleven other sets of illustrations, it being the purpose of the Club to secure a series of twelve unusually illustrated books for its members. Artists who want to know the rules and the list of suggested titles may write to The Limited Editions Club at 551 Fifth Avenue, New York.

---

Miss Margaret M. Lothrop, daughter of Margaret Sidney, the author of "The Five Little Peppers," is the owner of Hawthorne's famous house, *The Wayside,* at Concord, Mass., the only home which he ever owned. He bought it in 1852 from the Alcotts, and it was his home until his death in 1864 except when he was abroad. Upon his return he made new additions including his famous Tower. Louisa Alcott came here in 1845 when she was about thirteen and wrote her first book there, and the Alcotts remained there until about 1848 when they moved to Boston. Miss Lothrop is desirous of keeping this literary monument open to the public and this summer admission may be had by all interested for a small fee. Few changes were made in the house by the Lothrops who wished to keep it as nearly as possible as it had been.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ART AND ARTINESS

## French Sculpture

MEDIEVAL SCULPTURE IN FRANCE. By ARTHUR GARDNER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $18.

Reviewed by A. KINGSLEY PORTER

MR. GARDNER has rendered a very real service in producing the first adequate history of French medieval sculpture to appear in English, or indeed, in any language.

The need for just such a book is, and has been, very great. Yet the difficulties of its production have been overpowering—so much so, that no one has ventured to undertake the task. The only work that in any way covers the ground is the splendid new volume of Johnny Roosval on Romanesque art that has just appeared and is one of the most important contributions to the general history of art that has been made in many a long day. But the Roosval and Gardner volumes are really not parallel; for while Roosval covers all countries and all arts, he carries his account only down to the year 1200 or thereabouts; whereas Gardner limits himself in subject to sculpture, and geographically to France, but continues his history down to the close of the Middle Ages. It is only therefore in a small percentage

STRASSBOURG: FOOLISH VIRGINS AND TEMPTER

of their contents that the two books overlap, and libraries should decide the question of which to order by buying both.

The reason that such a book as Gardner's has not been written and made available long ago I can curiously appreciate, for I have often thought of trying to write one. Such a book, to be what it should be, must be approached from a non-controversial point of view. Now this is exceedingly difficult, and, although it is the last situation I should have wished to bring about, it is I fear very largely I who am responsible for it.

It was sixteen years ago that quite unwittingly I first put my foot into the hornet's nest of French chronology. In a book on "Lombard Architecture" I had occasion to study the sculptures of Modena and Cremona, for which I accepted the documentary evidence dating the works in question 1099-1117. At the time I did not at all forsee that this would annoy the French school of archæology; in fact I hardly looked beyond the borders of Italy, and was interested only in recording what seemed an evident truth. I have seldom been more surprised than when I became aware through tempestuous reviews that I had aroused the organized antagonism of Paris. The root of the difficulty, it soon became evident, was that related sculptures in France had been dated half a century later; for a Frenchman it was inadmissible that Italy should have preceded. Of the possibility of such precedence I was somewhat less sure; however, the controversy had the result of focussing attention upon French sculpture. It soon was discovered that there are in fact abundant documents for fixing a Romanesque chronology in France considerably earlier than that which had been assumed, and contemporary with the Italian monuments. An examination of Spain showed that there too was a very clear chronology, confirming the earlier dating for Italy and France.

These findings were accepted by certain medievalists of France, but combatted nearly *in toto* by the group at Paris. However, a whole series of scholars came to the rescue of the new chronology in a very important series of articles in which a great amount of confirmatory evidence was laid bare. Many archæologists accepted the early dating in part, in part held to the old formula, but what one accepted was rejected by the other and *vice versa*. Articles, pamphlets, books, reviews dealing with the subject rained down from all directions. Where the discussion has proved really valuable is in bringing to light many important by-products of information, in extending outlook and sharpening vision. It has been unfortunate in that it has quickened passions to the point that for some archæologists conviction by any evidence whatsoever, no matter how conclusive, now seems impossible. Only one who has given a considerable part of his life to following the literature of this quarrel can appreciate how much has been written about it, how many seemingly unrelated questions it touches, how the real issues have become obscured, the extent to which chauvinism and politics have entered, how in short there has been raised a cloud of archæological dust through which it is only with infinite patience and perseverance that any one can see clearly and dispassionately.

It is, however, this task which Mr. Gardner has set himself at the very outset of his book. That he is a competent and unbiased arbitrator I feel certain. And I am rejoiced that in regard to the crucial point of Cluny, his voice rings out clear and true in favor of the early dating. With Cluny follows as a necessary corollary the entire Burgundian school, and indeed all the other schools of France. I am on the other hand disappointed that Mr. Gardner leaves Silos without expressing any very definite opinion of the chronology, one way or the other. It is perhaps the old traditional English policy, in case of dispute, to adopt a compromise unsatisfactory to both parties. The pending excavations I hope will very shortly give to the Silos question the clear-cut answer that the same method has brought at Cluny; and I hear there is also forthcoming surprising and definite evidence of the early dating of Provençal monuments, notably St.-Gilles.

Once clear of the turbulent waters of the Romanesque field, the course of true sculpture in medieval France runs smooth. Mr. Gardner gives a clear and admirable account of Gothic through its bloom and decline. His book is beautifully made, with ample illustrations, but not so many as to make the expense prohibitive. He intends the volume to serve as a companion for the intelligent tourist, as well as for the library or easy chair reader, and in this aim he has admirably succeeded. The text is pleasantly written, yet gives with accuracy the substantial facts a scholar needs to know. Among other uses, the book should fill a long-felt want in supplying a text-book for this important subject.

Especially to be commended are Mr. Gardner's photographs. He has illustrated his book not with the shop-worn and over-reproduced photographs, made from the dusty casts of the Trocadéro, so enticingly seductive for those who want to save effort. His illustrations are all made from original negatives, nearly without exception his own. He has worked directly with the great originals, has been carried away by their beauty, has understood them with rare intelligence, and conveys to the reader not only knowledge but a full share in his delight. Such presentation is all too rare in the history of art, and we are indebted to Mr. Gardner for having brought it to one of the most fascinating of all the fields that subject has to offer.

*A. Kingsley Porter, professor of fine arts at Harvard University, has been exchange professor in Spain and to the French provincial universities. He is the author of many exhaustive studies in the field of art, among his works being "Mediæval Architecture" and "Lombard Architecture."*

## Lectures on Genius

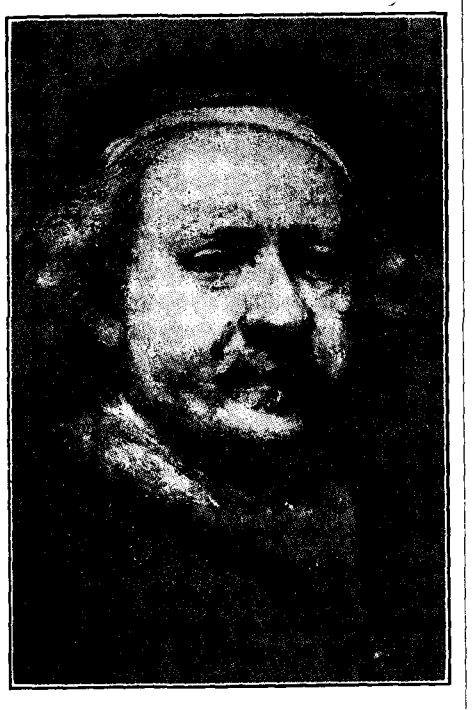
REMBRANDT. By A. M. HIND. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1932. $7.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THE substance of the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures of 1930-31 is here offered as a book by the accomplished Keeper of Prints of the British Museum. The approach is analytical, under such chapter headings as General Notes on Rembrandt's Life, Portrait, Landscape, Rembrandt's Genius. Such a method involves much repetition, with the compensation of enrichment of the total impression. The trammels of the lecture period are rarely in evidence, though some such consideration must have excluded the familiar but highly significant activities of Rembrandt as a collector.

A substantial merit of the book is the close correlation of Rembrandt's painting, etchings, and drawings. Here there is much that is novel in emphasis and illuminating as to the disputed canon of Rembrandt's work. Mr. Hind is conservative. Of the official list of 750 paintings "as many as 600 or 700" (one would be glad to know towards which figure Mr. Hind inclines) are admitted; of the 375 attributed etchings, "between 250 and 300." The spread suggests Mr. Hind's reluctance to dogmatize. It means that for him 150 of the paintings and 125 of the etchings remain *sub judice* with a Scotch verdict probable. Now while such issues of attribution do not affect seriously the conduct of a book chiefly critical and dealing mostly with accepted works, at least the considerable percentage of error admitted emphasizes the need of a thoroughgoing restudy of all the Rembrandt lists. The reader with any sense of style will now and then be staggered at the discrepancies revealed in the illustrations.

As to Rembrandt's development, Mr. Hind enlarges on the view first sketched by Siret that there was much conscious and intelligent consultation of fine Italian design. The general British-academic impassivity of a style in itself clear and elegant, disguises the importance of many asides on general esthetic issues. Here the author stands on the firm ground that the artistic act *per se* is merely the desire to make use of a particular material, that there is no other artistic inspiration, that on the spiritual side the capable artist merely draws as he may on that fund of higher experience which is common to



SELF-PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

himself and his fellows. Much of this discussion of general principles is in response to the walled-off estheticism of Roger Fry. Welcome also are the broad analogies between Rembrandt's works and those of other great painters. One may congratulate Mr. Hind in sensing his auspices very accurately when he achieved a Charles Eliot Norton lectureship in a spirit so soundly Nortonian.

Generally speaking, this is a book which, while it may or may not be widely read in this moment of stylistic and dialectical pyrotechnics, is certain to be constantly reread by the judicious. It is real knitting together of Rembrandt's various activities, and as such an advance on all previous studies.

*Frank Jewett Mather, who is Marquand professor of art and archæology at Princeton University, was at one time art critic of the New York* Evening Post, *is joint editor of* Art Studies, *and one of the most widely known critics of art in America. He is the author of a number of works, including "Estimates in Art."*

## Cinemalady

CINEMATIC DESIGN. By LEONARD HACKER. Boston: American Photographic Publishing Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

THERE are four grades of integrity in art: artiness, artisticalness, artisanship, artistry. Whether artisticalness is lower or higher than artiness is a debatable matter. I take the epithet "artistical" from a conversation with a Russian-émigré official of a now defunct French movie company. That gentleman didn't like American films, they weren't "artistical," like, for instance, Tourjansky's "Michael Strogoff," a picture that resembled those boudoir receptacles made of convoluted oxidized brass films. The "arty" film has been typified in Paul Fejos's "The Last Moment," a simplistic platitude on life with a pseudo-esthetic composition whose chief boast was the absence of captions. This reduction was never more than a first statement, an elementary discipline or expedience. Artisanship is the professional studio's major achievement, below which most films fall. Artistry is the rare attainment, at present seen chiefly in films from Soviet Russia. Sometimes there are combinations, such as "arty artisanship," wherein studio competence is betrayed by spurious virtuosities. The work of von Sternberg is a prime example.

If the book under consideration has any prototype in the "big game," it is von Sternberg. There ought to be a law against such books! Indeed, esthetic law is thumbs down on this egotistic mishmash of fallacies masquerading as axioms, of platitudes parading as recurrent experiences, valid and basic. There is not, in this book, one true principle or criterion for the amateur. When the author does present a threadbare possibility, "Simplicity will be the keynote of amateur films," his examples contradict the motto. Not content with the severer sequence of direct succession, he fills his scenarios with overlapping dissolves, never organized for the "rhythm" of which he prattles. Close-ups he uses without appraisal, without discrimination as to their structural value in the inclusive unit. Has he not seen or learned anything from Carl Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc"? Has he not seen or learned anything from Pabst's "The Beggar's Opera," where the mutation of scenes take place without the tedium of dissolves?

This book can only betray the docile and eager amateur with his "cosmic" talk and its inflation of "relationship" to the "theory of relativity." As there are "vanity" publications in the egocentric field of poetry, so the more objective milieu of cinema criticism becomes a "vanity" boulevard. The designs in black and white, and one in color, by Constance Hacker, are a bit better than the text, though they go well with its artiness. They look like bohemian abuses of the interesting "machine ornaments" of Louis Lozowick.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# On German Books

By BARONESS HELENE VON NOSTITZ-HINDENBURG.

DURING my recent visit to the United States I found that people were often astonished when I spoke about the many sections of political opinion which we have in Germany and the correspondingly large number of political parties. Germany has not yet found a few simple forms of political expression, such as the older nations have; and in order to understand the present welter of policies and parties we must realize that politics are not merely the expression of material interests in Germany. Our racial character is essentially metaphysical and our politics are symbolic of the spiritual longings of the nation.

Therefore when we begin to talk about German books that are vital expressions of the nation's thought or feelings, we must take into consideration the fact that each political party in our country is represented by its own novelists and poets, historians and philosophers. It is not that these are propagandists for the party, nor even objective publicists. It is rather that the group longings which find their expression in literature correspond to group longings which find their expression in politics.

The young poet, Schirach, accompanies Hitler when the latter makes his political tours throughout Germany. Schirach is the poet laureate of the Nazis. He is a man of noble countenance and looks like an inspired prophet when he talks about the future, which he finds full of hope and promise. More than any other writer, he is the symbol of those profound forces which gave rise to the post-war Youth Movement and which have now become a very powerful factor in the present struggle for political leadership in Germany.

Writers like Toller and Becher belong to the extreme left wing, while Alfred Kerr, Feuchtwanger, and Heinrich Mann are typical democrats.

Above this conflict of spiritually antagonistic forces stand the poets, whose wide range of thought and feeling enables them to look out above and beyond the limits of the party interests. Schwarz, who is himself a poet, has recently edited a book of political essays by Moeller van der Bruck, who died a few years ago and is now looked upon as the prophet and apostle of the National Socialists. But his broad and magnificent mind was far above all party spirit. His two most outstanding books are "The Prussian Style" and "Italian Beauty." These are masterpieces that will always hold their place as classics in cultural history, just as the book by Kantorowitz on the Emperor Frederick II, of Hohenstaufen.

In his book on Prussia van der Bruck discovers and explains the secret source of that strength in the Prussian ideal which enabled Prussia to assimilate some of the more essential qualities of Grecian civilization and transform them to a Prussian style. Indeed the argument here might be illustrated by the history of what has happened in America; for the native American temperament has succeeded in accepting from Europe classic forms of architecture and transforming them to its own style. So too, in van der Bruck's thesis the profound resources of the Prussian soul have enabled it to bring forward human qualities which had remained until then unknown and which explain the appearance of that remarkable genius, Frederick the Great, on Prussian soil.

In "Italian Beauty" van der Bruck reveals the overpowering influence of Etruscan art in the whole Latin civilization and he attacks the Renaissance because it cramped and hindered the development of the Gothic movement.

Van der Bruck was a friend of Theodore Daubler, whom I might call the Walt Whitman of Germany. Daubler is best known by his "Northern Light," which is a long poem of rapture and embodies a world philosophy and almost a new religion for humanity. Like Walt Whitman, Daubler uses the lyric form to discuss and expound the most profound human problems. He takes us around the world on a pilgrimage of the reader in a remarkable way. He makes the scenes of classic civilization live and breathe before us and their beauty rises like Venus out of a purple sea. His essays on Greece give us a new outlook. It is not the conventional Greece of our school learning. Those marble and impersonal gods are called into life at the touch of his pen and penetrated with a new vitality. The landscape is so described as to reflect the memory of that mighty classic religion which had its symbol in every tree and every wood and every river.

Daubler takes us also to Egypt and here again his touch awakens the past. And he has the same power when dealing with medieval scenes. I shall never forget the first time I read his poem, "Venice," in which the splendor of the fairy Queen of the Adriatic rises before us, like a Fata Morgana. After the late Hugo von Hofmansthal and Reiner Maria Rilke, Theodore Daubler is probably the greatest lyric poet that contemporary Germany has produced. He belongs to no political party and, like every great creative artist, he can hardly be said to belong to any one country, but rather to the world at large.

Amongst the new novelists Hans Carossa takes an important place. His "Arzt Gion" relates the story of simple people. Dr. Gion is in love with a sculptress and also a peasant girl. Death solves the conflict. The peasant girl dies and the doctor marries the sculptress, who models a statue of her dead rival and adopts her child.

We often see in the German novel this type of the simple peasant girl. Our writers seem to prefer her to society women; probably because our artists are generally anti-social, in contrast to the American and English writers. This is why we seldom produce a social novel which would give an account of our way of living. The German novel generally begins on a misty morning in the country. Out of the small door of a hut steps a simple girl and we follow her wanderings. But Carossa is a good deal of the philosopher also. He intersperses his narrative with philosophical discussions, especially on current problems, which are sometimes very striking. Take, for instance, the following: "The years that follow great catastrophes," he writes, "are the years of spiritual growth in nations. Only the few are capable of appreciating the reward of defeat; but those few are important. And while the many lament or blaspheme or struggle to found a new doctrine of development, these silent ones prepare the future."

This is a courageous book. The new novel by Richard von Kühlmann is in quite different style. It is called "Kettenträger." This is, if you like, one of our few social novels. It is permeated with the atmosphere of an aristocracy going inexorably to ruin in the post-war crisis. The splendor of country life in the old German castles is described with a minuteness which makes one feel the love of the writer for this historic ornament of our social existence which was destined to disappear as it did in France after the revolution. On thinking over its fate, one is inclined to exclaim with the French priest in the book: "Il n'y a rien de plus utile que le superflu."

The opening scenes of von Kühlmann's book are laid in South Germany, among the baroque memorials of Würzburg. He writes a charming little essay on Tiepolo, which gives us an insight into and a sympathetic understanding of this real German spirit, which is keenly interested in foreign countries, foreign art, and a supernational range of thought. This is very typical of Germany, largely perhaps because it is inherent in the position which Germany holds in the midst of Europe, surrounded by so many diverse influences.

Von Kühlmann paints very dramatically the gradual downfall of this family which is typical of the feudal aristocracy which for so many generations had ruled over its big estates and embodied a culture that was the heirloom of centuries. The prince pays a visit to a man of finance and asks him to save the family against the impending ruin; but he is told dryly to go and work. It is typical of what is happening in our time all over Germany; and this book gives the foreigner a valuable insight into our habits and customs which few writers describe or can describe as well as Kühlmann, who is himself a man of the world. Looking at this spectacle of destruction which one finds distributed over all that section of our people which once had the leadership of Germany in its hands, it is a comfort amid the desolation to recall the words of Carossa: "The years that follow great catastrophes are the years of spiritual growth in nations."

# Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## FRANCES FROST'S NEW POEMS

FRANCES FROST'S new book of poems *These Acres* (Houghton Mifflin) has certain distinguishing characteristics which set it apart from most of the poetry of the countryside that is being written. In her identifications of the body of earth with the body of woman and in her intermixing of the moods of human love with manifestations of beauty in sky and wood and mountain, she has created a type of poem she is like to make entirely her own. Her plangent rhythms and the powerfully quieted ache of emotion in most of her work, haunt the mind. Her unobtrusively rhymed line has a fine flexibility. One experiences, in reading her, the clean air of heights, tang of woods, plunge of water. Her poems intimate certain profound things concerning the writer, but one receives *only* intimations, though some of them poignant. Miss Frost's muse is grave; her dangers are monotony of tone and the over use of such words as "pouring," "verticals," "delirious" (of birds), etc. *These Acres* has no great variety. But it reveals deep wisdom drawn from the earth, as Meredith found it in the Woods of Westermain. There are patterns, too, of most graceful delineation, and in description of the ways of wood animals this poet is most deft. In "Testament of Truth" and "Throat of Rock" one occasionally catches breath at the beauty of expression, and at other moments a hint of reminiscence dispels effectiveness. Not but that Miss Frost has surmounted quite bravely her influences. I think she has. I think her art is assuming definition, and that, if she does not drive herself to write too voluminously, she will eventually attain that certainty of epithet toward which we all strive. At present a good many of her lines are approximations of what they might have been, approximations in which certain fortunate words stand forth sharply. She has mastered a quiet music in her rhythms, but she needs a greater vocabulary. Simplicity is a virtue but monotony of tone is not, it is then that lines begin to slip off the reader's mind. And yet, in the face of these strictures, I consider that Miss Frost is writing distinguished poetry. She is the direct opposite of the versatile and pyrotechnical poet. The range of her metres is narrow. Her chief merit is in conveying the depths to which natural phenomena, in their relationship to human love, strike in the heart. She is essentially stoic, like her hills; but she also loves motion and fervor and color. Her book is both tonic and balm; as though feverish cities never were. It has also frequent subtle draughtmanship. Take at random two such short poems as "Women" and "Doe." There is little one would desire to alter; what she has to say is conveyed with distinct art. I believe she is now at work upon a narrative which will, doubtless, exist most strongly by virtue of its implications. Hers has been a steady advance in accomplishment.

## INIMITABLE SKELTON

A most peculiar poet was John Skelton, but what a phenomenon! Robert Graves is, perhaps, most to be congratulated upon the revival of interest in this fifteenth-sixteenth century poet. Now appears the first popular edition of his complete poems since the Elizabethan era. Philip Henderson, a promising new English poet, has annotated Skelton's verse, modernized it sufficiently for the average reader, and furnished an introduction to it and a bibliography. E. P. Dutton publishes *The Complete Poems of John Skelton* in this country and J. M. Dent in London.

Skelton was once a Laureate, though not as the later poets laureate, for he was awarded the honor like a degree by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. As to the influence he had over Henry the Eighth whom he tutored as a young man, opinions seem to differ. Mrs. Strickland was severe concerning it in her "Lives of the Queens," Erasmus thought most highly of Skelton's classical knowledge. Caxton declared he had "drunken of Elicon's Well." Skelton's attacks on Wolsey are satires well-known; his verses were popular and sown far and wide by local ballad-singers. "Certainly," says Henderson in his admirable introduction, "no more effective polemical measure—unless we except the heroic couplet—has been used than the lash of *Colin Clout*. Nor, in its own way, has the richly humorous syncopation of *Elinor Rumming* ever been surpassed. And *Philip Sparrow* is evidence of what delicate music could, upon occasion, be evoked from the same measure apparently so rough and intractable. In these poems, Skelton stands out as completely original."

In further discussing the purely "Skeltonic" form which Skelton adapted from a popular medieval Latin form, Henderson says:

> No metre could be more lively and forcible than the so-called "Skeltonic." Here are no literary graces, to be sure, but the stuff of life, the bare facts driven home with the curtness born of stringent necessity. But, once started, his bubbling volubility went to his head, and he found it very difficult to stop.
>
> Yet, again,
>
> He managed his measure with a skill that no one else has ever been able to pick up again, for in other hands it degenerates into hopeless monotony.

Mr. Henderson here makes an exception of the work of Robert Graves, in our own time, where, he admits, "Skelton's manner had been very successfully caught in snatches." In anthologies Skelton chiefly lives by his lines, "To Mistress Margaret Husey," but there is much else of the helter-skelter Skeltonical in the volume before me that contains tenderness and beauty, as well as ribaldry and wit. The abuses Skelton shoots his darts at are archaic to us now, yet his liveliness and the delight of his eccentricity survive upon the page.

## FLEDGELINGS

Two interesting anthologies that have come to me are *New Strung Bow*, a collection of poems by twenty-nine undergraduates at Sarah Lawrence College, with a foreword by Lee Wilson Dodd (Dutton), and *The Poet's Pack* of George Washington High School, by members of the Poetry Club and the Poetry Class, 1927-1931. The latter volume has been printed and charmingly bound by William Edwin Rudge. The former book, Mr. Dodd tells us, is "entirely an undergraduate enterprise." The students conceived the idea of it themselves and the publishers of the book accepted it on its own merits. Sarah Lawrence is a progressive college, and poetry is not neglected there.

Analyzing these books for content of poetry, I find a few deft things in the first, a great predilection for free verse in pungent brevities, and nothing of much moment, though Margaret Riley's "Forgetting," a poem much longer than the rest, is vividly real and direct. The technical facility of these girls in patent, but they have not, upon the whole, a great deal to say. Nevertheless they are in touch with beauty and the esthetic. That is really all that could be asked. There is little amateurishness in the presentation of their moods and their observations. It is only that most of their verse is no better, though no worse, than a great deal of free verse that is being written today; and when they write metrically they are least effective. That is interesting to note. I do not myself believe free verse to be the best medium for the beginning poet. It invites too easily triviality and preciosity.

There is much more of the amateurish, which is natural as its authors must have been still younger, in *The Poet's Pack*. The Japanese Hokku is unsuccessfully imitated, and occasional French verse forms are not particularly well practised. Muriel Hochdorf's "Commencement: June 1929," has, on the other hand, flashes of true poetry. The youth of the country is learning to manipulate words, gaining a little idea of the vast resources hidden in them. It takes a long time and unceasing effort to make them really obey one's call. Most young poets are facile of expression and shirk the hard work, the unsatisfied reach, and the grinding disappointments along the way. For if one is to achieve anything in poetry as in anything else, it demands life-study and to be woven into the fabric of one's existence. It demands attempt after attempt at the most difficult, and for a long time, probably, failure after failure. With these remarks, that they may consider lugubrious, I wish these beginning poets good luck in setting forth!

---

A memorial to Lewis Carroll, the creator of "Alice in Wonderland," is to be erected at Rugby School, where he was educated.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The New Books

**The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.**

## Biography

LITTLE ALECK. A Life of Alexander H. Stephens. By E. RAMSAY RICHARDSON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1932. $3.50.

It is curious that Alexander H. Stephens has so long escaped the attention of the psycho-analytical biographers. He is about as fine a subject for their purpose as our history has afforded. The victim of ailments that dogged him from the cradle to the grave, he was never more than a mere shadow of a man and, as if to add torment to his misery, fate inflicted upon him a series of painful accidents that deformed him and finally made him dependent upon crutches in his later years. Ever sensitive to his appearance, he sought compensation in feats of the mind and quickly became as sensitive to criticisms of his views and utterances as he was to remarks about his physique.

In this book, a much better one than its title might lead one to expect, the author has been mildly psycho-analytical, but in the main he has confined himself to a straight recording of the public and private life of his subject. A Southerner, Mr. Richardson has easily caught the spirit and atmosphere of the pleasant plantation life at Crawfordsville, Georgia, and he has portrayed it vividly in the pages of his biography. He has probed carefully, although not very deeply, into the long and industrious public career of Stephens and has given a balanced and well-written account of his views and services. The chapters dealing with the discord within the Confederate government are particularly good, except for the fact that Robert Barnwell Rhett's part in the disturbance is completely ignored. The author makes clear how wide the divergence was between Jefferson Davis and Stephens and how much on the outside the latter remained throughout the four tragic years of the Confederacy. The Vice President appears to have spent more time in Georgia than in Richmond and directed his energies in large measure toward forcing an adherence to the principles upon which the Southern government was erected.

Emaciated and crippled though he was, Stephens carried on for more than forty years an astonishingly persistent and dauntless struggle for his principles. In youth he became a believer in the state rights conception of the Constitution and the pages of this book bear witness, often in Stephens's own words, of the tenacity and consistency with which he championed his favorite theme. Few loved the Union more than he, but he contended that it must ever remain secondary to the principles he believed it was designed to perpetuate. With the utmost reluctance he severed his ties with it in 1861, and with quiet satisfaction he returned to serve it in his closing years. He accepted the verdict of arms without complaint and during the reconstruction held views upon the solution of the negro problem akin to those of Lincoln. It was as fitting as it was dramatic that in 1878 the weary little Georgian, seated in a wheel-chair, should have delivered the address at the presentation of the Carpenter painting, "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," in the House of Representatives where he and Lincoln had sat together long ago.

PRAIRIE CHRONICLE. By JOANNA FOUST. Putnams. 1932. $2.

Its name is a brief summary of this book. It is a direct, unvarnished narrative of several generations of ignorant, half-Indian pioneers, moving here and there as homesteaders in Texas and New Mexico, some degenerating and some bettering themselves, all working out their difficult fortunes through the coarseness, drudgery, and hardship of life on ranches or in small pioneer towns. There is no plot, strictly speaking, and the book is not built to any climax; indeed there is barely enough dramatic movement in either content or style to hold the reader's interest. The picture of this drab but courageous life, so subject to the tyranny of weather over crops and so devoid of comforts either of mind or body, is what the author offers, with sincerity and frank simplicity. Several portraits of individual members of the family stand out, definitely well drawn against a slightly monotonous but forceful background.

THAT STRANGE LITTLE BROWN MAN GANDHI. By FREDERICK B. FISHER. Long & Smith. 1932. $2.50.

The cover of this book will attract the interest of all who have imagination. It shows a vast mass of Hindus, almost all with Gandhi caps, listening to their Mahatma, who is using the devices of that industrial system which he condemns.

The other illustrations are as striking, Gandhi at the Round Table Conference (reminding the British Empire that he has come a long way and asking that all cards be laid on the table), "The Statesman at Work" with fixed attention drafting a message to his people, and above all the superb head of Mrs. Gandhi, sharer of his work and sacrifices. The brief chapter devoted to her will be found by many the most interesting in the book.

For the rest it repeats much that we all know from Gandhi's own writings. But Bishop Fisher has a claim to speak, after nearly thirty years in India as a sympathetic missionary. He is specially interested in the religious influences which have gone to mould his hero, and his selections from Gospel and Gita are good. He recognizes that while Gandhi remains a Hindu he has given us the best demonstration of the Sermon on the Mount in action: "It is curious that India rather than one of the supposedly Christian nations should be the first to try out in practical national policy the very ideals upon which our Western civilization is based."

"Can a Hindu Be a Christian?" is the title of one of his chapters. And here the Bishop is at his best: "The great Christian social doctrine is the remaking of human society upon the basis of the Christian ideals. This is precisely what Gandhi is trying to do." Yet the Archbishop of Canterbury finds him "very puzzling," and the Archbishop of York says "he has everything to gain by becoming a Christian."

Bishop Fisher gains by being "only a Methodist parson; and he does not hesitate to criticize the ruling power in India. In fact it is not quite clear that he appreciates the terrific problems of the British government; and he quotes his brother bishop, McConnell, as accusing "the British of "intellectual tyranny of the first order." But this and much else of this kind is only to say that empires are out of date, and as in so many American books on the subject there is no recognition of the very careful and progressive attempts to change Empire into Commonwealth. There is some room still for Galsworthy's remark, "that Americans are very sensitive to moral obliquity in others."

What we need is a little more of the humor of Gandhi himself, who is seen "making Charlie Chaplin laugh," and reminding the Viceroy at tea time of the Boston Tea Party. Mr. Gandhi cannot be understood unless one realizes also that he has a good eye for publicity. In the bishop he has an excellent publicity agent, all of which is to the good.

## International

WAR AGAIN TOMORROW. By LUDWIG BAUER. Duffield & Green. 1932. $2.

The author of "War Again Tomorrow" is a Swiss, able to look on the wrangles between the greater European states with a certain detachment. His book, written originally in German, had considerable success in Europe, especially in its French version.

What he does, briefly, is to take up the various "hopes"—the League of Nations, Pacifism, International Finance, the Kellogg Pact, and so on—and prove them useless. He follows this with the "dangers"—the lingering threats of the Treaty of Versailles, Bolshevism, the Machine, French fear of Germany, German dreams of revenge, universal distress—and proves to his own satisfaction that, as things are now drifting, war is inevitable. Any one of a dozen sore spots might start it, but the final tragedy, unless the peoples can forget their separate grievances (each of which may be quite understandable from the point of view of those who nourish it) is bound to come.

The only hope of escape is in large-scale political and economic planning, in which old nationalism, suited, comparatively, to societies founded before the coming of the machine and modern capitalism, but anachronistic today, will be merged in some more rational untiy.

This is easy enough to say, and many are saying it, but it does not follow that Dr. Bauer has nothing new and interesting to say to Americans. Intelligent pessimism, backed up by facts, or what seem to be facts—and Dr. Bauer knows his way about the European stage—is so comparatively rare in our own country that there are innumerable Americans for whom Dr. Bauer's analysis will have the air of exciting novelty. He might roughly be described as a sort of Swiss Mr. Frank Simonds and "then some"—a professional realist, who enjoys, so to say, contemplating the worst and is able to put up an interesting and frequently sound argument for it.

## Miscellaneous

NATIVE TALES OF NEW MEXICO. By FRANK G. APPLEGATE. Lippincott. 1932. $2.50.

To visit "the Indian country" and then come upon "Native Tales of New Mexico" is a satisfying experience, making it possible for once "to eat your cake and have it, too," all ready to eat again in delightfully chunky, skilfully compounded bits. And for the reader whose eyes have not beheld the dignity of the Indian, the rakishness of the native New Mexican here lies in tales lightly made and most entertaining; the true life of the Santa Fé region, here by suggestion as well as by pertinent if unobtrusive fact, is given in folk-lore history and idiomatic personality. You have the rambling humor of such eccentrics as old Juan Mora and his burro, the unrelenting pathos of Sandia, a pueblo driven away by the Spaniards, decimated by an unfamiliar environment; there are samples, with differing techniques cleverly adopted, of most of the century-old yet still very living things that happen against the fantasy of the New Mexican background. And the color illustrations by the author further the strong impression of unity in diversity made by these short tales.

This, of course, is because Mr. Applegate really knew whereof he spoke. Mrs. Mary Austin, in an introduction, attests his authoritative intimacy with the native life, and his artist's eye for true points is evident to any reader. His death within the year is indeed a great loss to the country of his devotion. He has left a number of books in its honor.

## Notes of a Rapid Reader

The economists are active again with a supplement to Salter's *Recovery* called *The World's Economic Crisis and the Way of Escape* (Century, $1.75), a symposium by six eminent English authorities. To this book should be added the pamphlet *Want and Plenty* (Houghton Mifflin, $1.25) by Professor Hollander of Johns Hopkins University in which he tells of our recent woes in a parable of the Wise Men of Pharaoh and what happened to them. * * * Gordon Grant's *Greasy Luck* (William Farquhar Payson, $5) is a series of vivid, full-page portraits of whaling life, not merely a pursuit of the whale but the pursuit of adventures ashore also. A brief text accompanies it. * * * Historians of art should know Benjamin Rowland Jr.'s *Jaume Huguet: A Study of Late Gothic Painting in Catalonia* (Harvard Press, $5). This, like other books coming from the Harvard school of studies in art, is a scholarly investigation backed up by notes and bibliography and elaborately illustrated by full-page pictures from the work of the fifteenth century Spanish artists. * * * The Encyclopedia Britannica Company has brought together in two booklets (*Britannica Booklets, Nos. 1 and 2*) the important articles on painting with all their illustrations from the fourteenth edition, and the articles on Chinese art with their exceedingly beautiful reproductions of potteries, sculpture, architecture, etc. This is a new policy for the Britannica and represents an attempt to give the reader with special interests an opportunity to get in convenient form some of the more important and authoritative articles for which the Britannica has always been famous. * * * Let us note while on the subject of special interests a book published by George Routledge & Sons, London, written by Roger Goodland, *A Bibliography of Sex Rites and Customs,* containing over 9,000 references to various rites and ceremonies. This is a scientific book and assembles in convenient form an important selection from the sources for the history of the sexual element in cultural development.

*The third and final volume of*

**SHMARYA LEVIN'S**

*great autobiography*

**THE ARENA**

*by the author of "Childhood in Exile" and "Youth in Revolt"*

The most dramatic and the most historically valuable of Shmarya Levin's books, depicting the rise of Jewish nationalism and the rise of the Russian masses. Few of our contemporaries can look back on so tumultuous and eventful a life as Shmarya Levin. As orator, scholar, political leader, he has stood in the center of Jewish life for half a century. Of this new volume Robert Morss Lovett's praise of *Childhood in Exile* is even more appropriate: "It deserves a place beside the autobiographies of Tolstoy and Gorky or vividness of portrayal and literary charm." $3.50

**HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.,**
**383 Madison Ave., New York**

American History Then and Now...

1832
The Autobiography of Peggy Eaton

Washington of Jackson's day, its scandals, controversies, great men and beautiful women revealed, as they lived, in the newly discovered pages from the pen of the brilliant and beautiful woman who set official Washington by the ears. Her authentic and charming picture of life in her day is not only an important contribution to American history but also an absorbing human document. $2.50

1932
The American Jitters
*A Year of the Slump*
by **Edmund Wilson**

A few chapter headings give a taste of it: "Communists and Cops," "The Bank of the United States," "Foster and Fish," "Einstein in Hollywood," "The First of May," "The Freight Car Case," "The Best People," "Detroit Motors." Sharp, accurate pictures of the American scene today. Rebecca West calls it "more vivid than anything since Rudyard Kipling's early travel books." $2.50

*At your bookstore*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea S.W. 3, London, England. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

*H. D., LaCrosse, Wis., is interested in theories as to early Indian civilization on the American continent, and asks what books treat these for the general reader.*

THE latest to do so is "Ancient Americans," by Emily Davis (Holt), in which one of the authors of that deservedly popular book, "Magic Spades," reports on the archæological researches made on both continents, North and South, and on inferences drawn from them. In 1930 we had the remarkable work "The Mound Builders," by Henry Clyde Shetrone (Appleton), in which it would seem that everything so far discovered had been put in order for the reader. I turned first, of course, to Marietta, for in that dream-like little river-city I was shown my first mounds—now the old burying-ground has clustered around one and the other lies clean as a dancing floor—and here it is in this book, and Circleville too, whose city fathers of an earlier day one finds it hard to forgive because in a spasm of revolt from their beginnings they did away with the circular town plan from which the place keeps its name, and laid it out in uninspiring rectangles. The Wisconsin mounds are here, and of course the Great Serpent, and if the book should stir one to take it on a tour of mound sightseeing it could be used as a guidebook. In 1929 Bobbs-Merrill published "Old Civilizations of the New World," by A. H. Verrill, which discusses theories of American beginnings in the chapters on "Origin of Man in America" and "Puzzles and Problems," and has a teasing chapter on "Mysterious Forgotten Races."

"Columbus Came Late," by Gregory Mason (Century), came early in last year's books; it is a spirited account of the heights American civilization had reached before it could have been influenced by the Old World. It describes the Maya, Inca, Toltec, Aztec, and Pueblo cultures, with their painting, sculpture, mathematics, and astronomy.

"*WHO is Bridget Dryden?" writes B. L., New York, "and am I right in thinking that her 'Whither I Must' is a novel that in a decent year would have made a sensation? The scene is American, but there is something about the manner, individualistic as it is, that sounds English. Is she an American?*" Bridget Dryden is an American, at present living abroad; at last accounts she was in Glasgow. I do not wonder that I have been several times asked questions like this, for "Whither I Must" (Stokes) went out to meet a difficult season, deaf to anything less than a crash, as quietly as Virginia Woolf's "The Voyage Out," and produced in the wise a like conviction that this writer was here to stay. If there is an English—or rather, a Bloomsbury—aroma about it, that may be because it is as hard for any young writer to be really in the movement and not write something like Virginia Woolf in some one of her manners, as, according to Paderewski, it is for a Polish composer to write at all without writing something like Chopin. The reviews I have seen of her new novel, "Vent du Secteur Passion," which has just appeared in French in Paris (Stock), use another author for comparison: "On s'exprimerait assez bien," says one critic, "en disant 'un Paul Morand américaine,' mais Bridget Dryden reste absolument originale." This novel, which has not appeared here, is about the department store of Nightingale Brothers, and has been called "vif, pailleté, coloré, volupteux; un cocktail"—which may make the readers of the softly vibrating "Whither I Must" rather open their eyes. Sheila Kaye-Smith said of the latter, "Tho' certainly American in scene and character, both the story and the spirit are universal. Emily is a beautifully drawn character, and the technique of the novel seems to me especially interesting and good."

*M. C. F., Augusta, Me.*, says: "I should like to call the attention of F. S. F., Clifton Springs, N. Y. (who wishes names of individual works in French-Canadian dialect), to a small collection of verse by a Maine writer, 'De Lettle Jesus of St. Basil and Other Poems,' by Josephine Violette Reed. Mrs. Reed has been familiar with the French-Canadian dialect since she was a child. The verses, many of which are narrative poems and character sketches, have, I think, merit enough to warrant the book's being mentioned in a list of verse collections in French-Canadian dialect."

SAYS Earle Walbridge, coming (as I hoped he would) to the rescue of the Sheriff's office and the Footprinter's Association of California:

> Well. . . Kipling's Boots—Boots—Boots—Boots—Movin' Up and Down Again must have left behind a certain amount of footprints. Powdered glass was used to bring the footprints of H. G. Wells's "Invisible Man" into sight. (I trust they use less drastic means with Boris Karloff, who is now making the talkie.) Probably the shade of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has already spoken severely to Edgar Wallace's ditto for the feeble dialogue he wrote to pad out the scenario of the British-made "Hound of the Baskervilles," in which Holmes is apparently played by Hugh Walpole. At least Wallace did permit Dr. Mortimer to sink his voice to a whisper and say "Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!" He may be forgiven much for leaving in that classic utterance.

To revert to Wells, how about the Sea Lady as an addition to the list of swimmers?

Thorne Smith's Topper has an Animated Discourse With a Foot (male), and ladies' extremities materialize at inconvenient times in "Topper Takes a Trip" (Doubleday, Doran). ("M'sieu," said the Frenchman timidly, "it is unbelievable. The little pool, now he pushes grunts.")

Referring to the posthumous conduct of Sir Arthur, however, if it was Arthur Wontner, the actor who played Sherlock in the earlier sequences of the British Sherlock Holmes movies, who appeared in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," I'm sorry I missed him. For to my not-so-humble mind, soaked in the Holmes tradition, addicted to every stage and film version I can find, this English actor just simply is Holmes *redivivus*.

R. *H. L., New York, tells W. T. H., Colorado,* that he will find three books published by the Oxford University Press, N. Y., especially interesting to boys with a turn for chemistry: "Easy Experiments in Elementary Science"; by H. McKay; "Chemistry and Chemical Magic," by Johnson, and Flecker's "A School Chemistry." These are all strong on simple, not dangerous, experiments.


**If YOU were a REVIEWER...**

***what would you say about this book?***

**A FABLE FOR WIVES** is by

**ROBERT McCLURE**

His first novel "The Dominant Blood" was recommended to us by Booth Tarkington who saw in it rich promise of an important American novelist.

*A Fable for Wives*, which Laurence Stallings calls "a full and handsomely contrived novel," has been reviewed by The Times, The Tribune, The Post, The Sun, The World Telegram. But it has not been mentioned by The Saturday Review.

We want you to know about this novel of American manners in which Mr. McClure "has put down all," as Arnold Bennett said, "a man should do when writing of women." We should like to know your estimate of a book and an author in whom we have much faith.

So won't you write your own review.

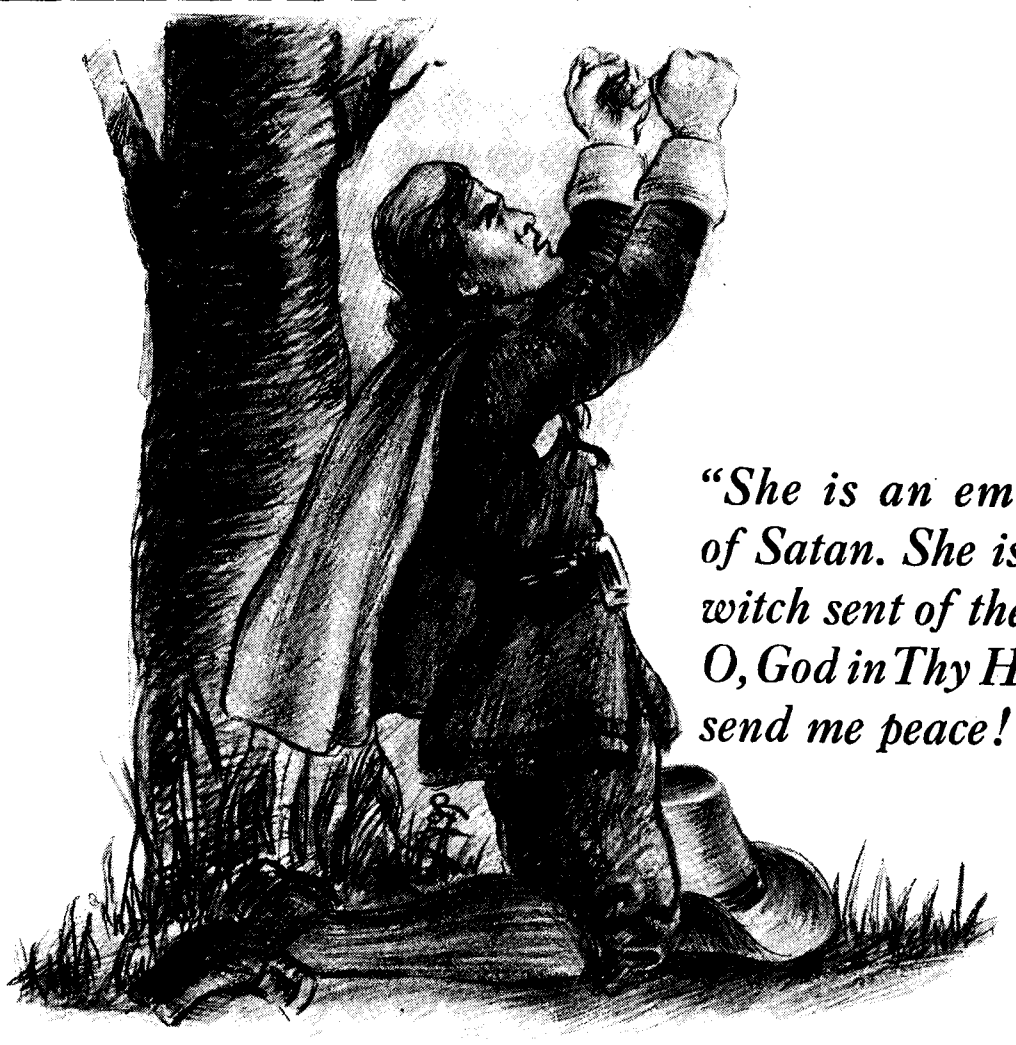
***To the first ten readers*** of The Saturday Review who send us their names and addresses we will send a review copy of "A Fable for Wives" in the expectation of a thoughtful reading and a candid expression of opinion.

We really want to know what you think.

*Please address your letter to* The Advertising Manager

**DOUBLEDAY, DORAN and COMPANY**

**Garden City, New York**


***"She is an emissary of Satan. She is but a witch sent of the devil. O, God in Thy Heaven, send me peace!"***

THERE was Anne. And there was John, her husband, who loved her dearly, although he had sinned against her. And there was Eleazar, John's brother, whose frustrated lust for Anne developed into what he believed to be a holy and righteous wrath at the couple's fleshly happiness.

Around these characters, Helen Grace Carlisle has spun the whole adventure of the Pilgrims in strange and hostile lands. She has written a magic book that makes the Pilgrims live again—that shows us, against an authentic background, the warm-blooded course of their hopes and passions, their loves and fears.

Price $2.50

" . . . *artistry enough to hide its careful documentation under a swift moving narrative.*

*Miss Carlisle is here amazingly different from the author who wrote the also effective* 'MOTHERS CRY'." —*Saturday Review*

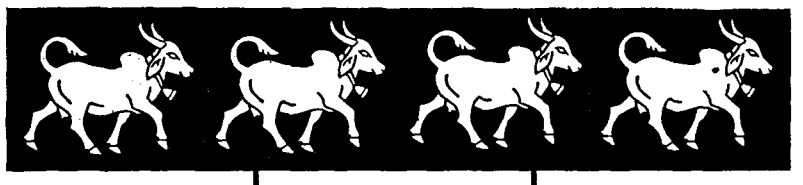
**We Begin**

***By*** **HELEN GRACE CARLISLE**

***Book League of America Selection for July***

**HARRISON SMITH and ROBERT HAAS, Inc., 17 East 49th Street, New York**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVELYN WAUGH
"The difficulty is to control one's enthusiasm and to praise it temperately . . . it deals with characters and a milieu which are novel and radiantly delightful."
—*The Spectator.*

•

DAVID GARNETT
"Exquisitely entertaining, there is not a dull passage. . . It is difficult to express one's delight sufficiently." — *New Statesman and Nation.*

•

J. B. PRIESTLEY
"The work of an artist. . . It is an India we have not seen since E. M. Forster's *Passage to India.*"
—*The Evening Standard.*

•

EDWARD THOMPSON
"A lark carried through with good humor and good taste . . . brilliant study. . . I think this book is in for a big success."
—*The Week-End Review.*

A SENSATION IN LONDON

HINDOO HOLIDAY by J. R. ACKERLEY

The Maharajah wanted a friend; Mr. Ackerley wanted the job. The true story of the "holiday" in India is like a tale out of *Alice in Wonderland* or a Gilbert-and-Sullivan operetta. $2.50

PETER QUENNELL
"Remarkably vivacious."—*London Letter, New York Sun.*

•

J. C. SQUIRE
"Not merely illuminating, but extremely amusing . . . remarkable and beautiful book . . . in a literary sense, a classic."
—*The Sunday Times.*

•

CARL VAN VECHTEN
"I was captivated completely. . . The wonder of this book is that under its charm and glamour and humour and madness lies the bitter sting of truth."

•

ROBERT LYND
"A brilliantly clever and amusing book . . . delicious and fantastic comedy."—*News Chronicle.*

•

TREVOR ALLEN
"A minor miracle. . . He has recreated for us a traditional India of colour and enchantment . . . will give pleasure for many a day."
—*John O' London's Weekly.*

• THE VIKING PRESS • NEW YORK •

are you bothered by tape worms . . . colliding trains . . . recalcitrant fish . . . anonymous eggs . . . lack of dimples . . . exhaustion from hat tipping . . . rats . . . uncomfortable bicycle seats . . . you can be cured . . . read this book and your troubles will vanish.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

This invention relates to an improved fire-escape or safety device, by which a person may safely jump out of the window of a burning building.

Messrs. Brown and Jeffcott, the inspired compilers of this book, have dug out of the U. S. Patent Office 57 actual inventions of which these 2 are samples. Frank Sullivan calls it "a real service to suffering humanity." Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley have been laid up ever since reading it. And you? Illustrated. $1.00

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th St. • New York

A novel device for automatically effecting polite salutations by the elevation and rotation of the hat on the head of the saluting person . . . without the use of hands in any manner.

TO THE DEPARTING VACATIONER:

If you are planning to be far away from the source of books this summer—at your camp in Maine or your cottage on the shores of the Pacific, in any of the summer resorts scattered over America—or even travelling abroad, The Saturday Review will follow you faithfully wherever you may wander. It will bring you news of new books from which you can choose the ones you want. The list can be mailed to your favorite bookseller at home and you will be saved from the fate of finding yourself in a bookless wilderness on those inevitable dogdays when the pine woods are drenched in rain or a sea-fog rolls in and envelops the universe.

*When you return to town The Saturday Review will return with you and you will find that you* have no intervening gaps in reading to be filled. For the modest sum of $3.50 you will have fifty-two weeks of stimulating reading and authentic information about books.

If you will send your name and address to our Circulation Department, we shall be glad to enter your subscription immediately.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City


# *Points of View*

## *Respectfully Submitted*

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

For such service as it may be in your grave task of guiding public opinion in these ominous days, may I refer to the following from "Respectfully Submitted," written by me and published on May sixth, "in order, on the one hand, that the blind fear of destruction spreading among the masses shall be allayed by the conscious realization, that, if worse comes to worse, there is a safe, certain, and immediate way out of any feared débâcle of our country." A capital levy of two cents on the dollar would produce a fund more than sufficient if properly expended in productive public works, to restore a purchasing power adequate to demobilize the national service within three years, without affecting the national balance sheet or increasing its debt service or taxation. I am sure we would all pay the price of a postage stamp on each dollar we have left, as insurance against mass starvation or revolution, the alternative implied in an editorial on May 10th, in the most widely read newspaper in New York City.

"Those measures are these: We shall be Americans first and care for our own. We shall keep out of the affairs of other nations for the present, except to the extent we are so unhappily involved; but when it is necessary to act we shall not only express our views, but enforce them. We are engaged in a terrific struggle against the destruction of whole sections of our people, particularly the so-called white collar class. The first demand upon us is that we shall keep body and soul together of every one of our citizens. In times of plague, of calamity, of invasion, nothing is sacred except the defense and protection of the people. Every mother's son of fighting age is subject to draft, when the foe is at the gate. The grimmest of all foes stalks in our midst, unemployment and starvation. There is but one defense, jobs and a living wage. Capitalism has constructed a world in which jobs and wages are dependent solely upon capital. We shall therefore draft capital. Not by ruthless measures inspired by class hatred and not beyond the minimum needs of the emergency. We shall draft it on the same basis as a mother's son is drafted, for service during the crisis when the fate of our people hangs in the balance; and when that crisis is past we shall return it, as we muster out that mother's son when the war is over. If it cannot be returned in full, or if it cannot be returned at all, we shall remember that many a mother's son did not come back from fighting a foreign war, to make the world safe for democracy; and so if dollars are used up and do not come back, it will be the price of making America safe for those who made America in the toil of their backs and the sweat of their brows.

"That drafted capital we shall use not to retire bonds or reduce the treasury debt or even to balance the national budget. It will be dedicated as a soldier's life is dedicated to the defense of the country; it shall be a sacred fund and the man of high and low estate who tampers with it for political or other ends or seeks to capitalize it for selfish gain shall be, and be condemned to the punishment of, a traitor, and tried, not by the dilatory procedure of a discredited criminal law, but by the direct means of court martial, while the emergency continues.

"With that fund in sacred trust, to every unemployed man or woman of the country, we shall say, there is a place for you to work not for your sustenance alone, but enough in monetary compensation to care for those dependent on you who cannot work. And we shall prohibit bread lines and make the soul-sinking business of public charity to feed the unemployed a stench in the nostrils of those who advocate it.

"There will be no dole, and no one who can work and will not work shall eat at public or charitable expense.

"There will be no sentimental softness for the indolent or the loafers, or those who live by stirring discontent, or who talk, or who threaten violence. There will be no tolerance of discussion of social theories or political doctrines until the present danger is permanently behind, and we breathe again the pure air of national self-respect and confidence.

"There will be no unemployment but there will be as well, no parasites. We shall cease to talk of unemployment relief and instead we shall talk of the *national service.* Until private industry regains its courage and goes forward, the army of the national service, which ends the army of unemployed, will be engaged in public works, and we shall come out of our present trouble with eight million men and women in better health, with a truer love of country and a firmer confidence in themselves; and with their dependents able to look the world in the eye with a self-respect that dies with the dole and is forever broken by living upon charity. We shall come out of this thing with great public works accomplished and a country nobler in aspect as well as spirit. We shall come out of this thing with every dollar spent returned tenfold in imponderable benefits and probably with every dollar drafted returned in time to those who gave it up. We shall come out of this thing stronger because we have kept the essential faith of democracy, that the safety of the people is the supreme law.

"The mechanics of this are so simple that in sixty days there will be no unemployment and the spectre of destitution and starvation for twenty-five millions of our people will have disappeared. Of its legality there is not the shadow of doubt."

HAROLD G. ARON.

New York, N. Y.

## *Future Bookbuyers*

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have been reading with a great deal of interest your recent articles on modern bookbuying problems. It seemed to me that you might be interested in points of view of the bookbuyer of the future—by which, of course, I mean literary tastes of the schools.

For four years I have taught English here in the local high school. When I first started teaching, such authors as Willa Cather, Stephen Crane, Felix Salten, and Edna Ferber were not even represented in the school library, to say nothing of being included in class discussions, etc. The classics of Dickens, Hugo, and the best of Galsworthy were the foundation of English "book reports."

Gradually, year by year, I have added to the library books of merit by moderns that it seemed to me the average high school student would read and enjoy. For 1929 and 1930, I had 200 students vote on their favorite novel. The results were only too satisfactory: 1929's choice was Willa Cather's "One of Ours," and the following year was the same author's "O Pioneers!" A close second was Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage." Other books I added to reading lists that have proved *especially popular are* "Bambi," "Fifteen Rabbits," "My Antonia," "So Big," eight Hugh Walpole novels, five Dorothy Canfields, "Where the Blue Begins," ten Booth Tarkingtons, Edith Wharton, etc.

The reading of plays up to four years ago was unknown in the school here. I added fifty modern dramas to supplement Shakespeare that met with immediate response. Rachel Crothers, Barry Connors, Philip Barry, and Owen Davis were among those dramatists included in my list.

The *Times Book Review* and the *Saturday Review* were used as outside materials and for class discussion. Books of no literary value were analyzed carefully to let the students see the difference between good and poor writing. With Willa Cather selected as the high school's favorite, her "Shadows on the Rock" has had no rest since it appeared on the library shelves.

With these excellent results in mind, I have read reports of literary tastes of other schools, noticing interest in practically the same authors, who appear on my list. (It is obviously incomplete. Modern travel books and poetry, as well, were not neglected.) This increasingly higher standard of excellence should make the future bookbuyer one to be dissatisfied with cheap writing. It should discourage mass production of inane material. It should create a public interested in reading books that are permanently worthwhile. After all, the English class in high school is merely trying to do its bit.

STUART P. ARMSTRONG.

Ripley, West Virginia.

---

A set of the original parts of "Pickwick Papers" fetched £300 at a recent London sale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## CLASSIFIED

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND RARE BOOKS. Catalogues issued. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

### FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

MARÉCHAL JOFFRE. MÉMOIRS. Prepaid subscriptions accepted for limited original edition in French (Plon), 2 volumes, pure rag. $7.70, prepaid and postpaid. Delivery November. Full information. The United French Publishers, 1819 Broadway, New York.

### GENERAL

THE POET—A monthly magazine devoted to Contemporary Verse; send 50 cents for the current number. University Press. Maple at Arcade, St. Louis, Mo.

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary books, and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

### LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse sold, criticized, edited, typed. Play and scenario department. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM GUARANTEED. Your novel, short story or poetry collection should be sold. We can hel pyou. Experienced criticism, editing, polishing and typing at lowest rates anywhere. EDITOR'S CHAIR, 217 Midland Avenue, Arlington, N. J.

MANY MANUSCRIPTS NEED EXPERT REVISION to make them acceptable. This I can give. Highest references; established 1912. ALEXANDER JESSUP, 50 Morningside Drive, New York City.

### OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

### TYPOGRAPHY

S. A. JACOBS, THE HALFMOON PRESS. Books for all kinds printed in the handsomest and most correct manner. 3 Milligan Pl., New York.

### SCHEDULE OF RATES

THE ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word for one insertion; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word for one insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.


Purdue University Library, Lafayette, Indiana, reports that it has received what is practically a complete collection of the books designed by Bruce Rogers. This is to be known as the Anna Embree Baker Collection. The bookplate, designed by Mr. Rogers, states that the collection was "Bequeathed to the Library of Purdue University by Anna Embree Baker Rogers in Memory of Her Daughter Elizabeth Rogers Burroughs."

As at present constituted, the Collection comprises aproximately 275 volumes, ranging from "Impressions," 1893 (Warde Number 2) to the latest volume of "The Boswell Papers." The few gaps at present existing in the titles listed by Warde will be filled at an early date, and it is Mr. Rogers's intention to continue to add other volumes of his designing as they may be issued. As a result, this collection at Purdue University will in all probability become the most complete and inclusive existing anywhere. It will contain a number of early cover designs, broadsides, studies for title-pages, and many items of personal interest not usually listed and seldom found in collections.

# *Trade Winds*

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

POOR old Quercus, always the idealist, is disturbed by a letter, soliciting advertising, received from a famous religious journal. This is the way it begins: "The membership of the ——— Church, totalling over one million, controls one-tenth of the entire wealth of the United States."

There must be, pondered the Dubious Dane, some retort for that—perhaps in the New Testament.

Dr. Axel Munthe, writes a correspondent from Capri, has given up the famous villa at San Michele. "He doesn't live here because the light is too strong for his eyes. The villa is open to the public who throng to it and are guided about—a sort of shrine. He is stopping with the King of Sweden at the moment."

Add to Favorite Signs that of a restaurant on Sixth Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street: PRINCETON CAFETERIA. PRINCETON FOR GENTLEMEN. Add to Favorite Names that of the room clerk at our opposite neighbor, the Hotel Unabridged: Mr. ARIEL.—He reports that a surprisingly large number of visitors mispronounce it.

McDevitt Wilson's, in the Hudson Terminal Building, is selling the library of Mr. William F. Hammond, formerly of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Old Quercus was pleased to see among the collection an admirable item for beer collectors. *Twenty-five Years of Brewing with an Illustrated History of American Beer, Dedicated to the Friends of George Ehret.* One of the pleasantest illustrations is that of the old Bierstube in the Hell Gate Brewery.

E. P. Dutton & Company strike a sombre note in a recent bulletin to reviewers. "Most authors after thirty years of writing are dead in fact or are dying in intellect."

Messrs. Simon & Schuster report themselves much pleased by the way Abbé Dimnet's *What We Live By* has started. Those who remember *The Art of Thinking* will know with what grace, simplicity, and genuine feeling Abbé Dimnet writes. He has the rare gift of wisdom.

The admired Dauber & Pine Bookshop, 66 Fifth Avenue, once wrote a pleasant memorandum about Forgotten Books, in which they mentioned *The Memoirs of Peter Drake* (1755). This is a book Old Quercus has kept an eye open for but has never seen. "Properly publicized," say Dauber & Pine, "Peter Drake would make a fortune for his modern publisher."

Dawson's Book Shop, 627 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, offers with pride (for $75) a 15th century vellum MS copy (139 leaves, "clear Gothic hand") of Duns Scotus, his commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel. It is Old Quercus's opinion that the world does not hear of Duns Scotus often enough. Was he not the eponym for the excellent word *dunce?*

Students of words will find good pastime and some purging shocks in the new edition (with commentaries by Eric Partridge) of Captain Francis Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue,* issued here by the Oxford Press (by private subscription only). Frankie Grose (1731-91) was a lively fellow, and a crony of Robert Burns. He had an admirable simplicity in fiscal matters: "His only account books were his hip-pockets—into that on the right hand he put what he received; from the left hand pocket he disbursed."—Nowadays he would need only one.

With very special pleasure Old Quercus looks forward to reading G. K. Chesterton on Chaucer, announced for September by Farrar & Rinehart. "A man does not understand England who has read Shakespeare and not Chaucer," says G. K. C.—Good old Chaucer deserves the highest praise for the way he continues to keep himself alive. We always think of him when we pass through the Grand Central Terminal because he is just that in English literature—the terminal at the other end.

Old Quercus never dared to print any verse in his department, but cleaning up the desk of a colleague (who is on vacation) he found the following which pleased him:

LINES ON VISITING A LADY'S BEDCHAMBER

The cool wallpaper of her room
  Has trees in flower and birds in flight:
Trees which never are in bloom,
  And birds which never once alight.

She passes through her chamber chaste,
  Her thoughts are birds with folded wing;
She has small roses at her waist,
  Close shut in fear of blossoming.

Oh, would that her sequestered room
  My love might flood with ardent light,
And all her wall-flowers burst in bloom
  And all her secret birds take flight.

H. F.

April 22, 1932.

The printing house of William Edwin Rudge, now managed by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, made for the George Washington High School a very beautiful little anthology (*The Poets' Pack*) of poems written by the students of that school. It contains many verses of a most charming candor and freshness. Its contributors were so pleased with the volume, their first appearance in a book, that one of them wrote:

Each poem finely chiseled on a page
  Black against white, is not alone
A verse, mere lines, a rhyming here or there,
  But something we have loved and known.

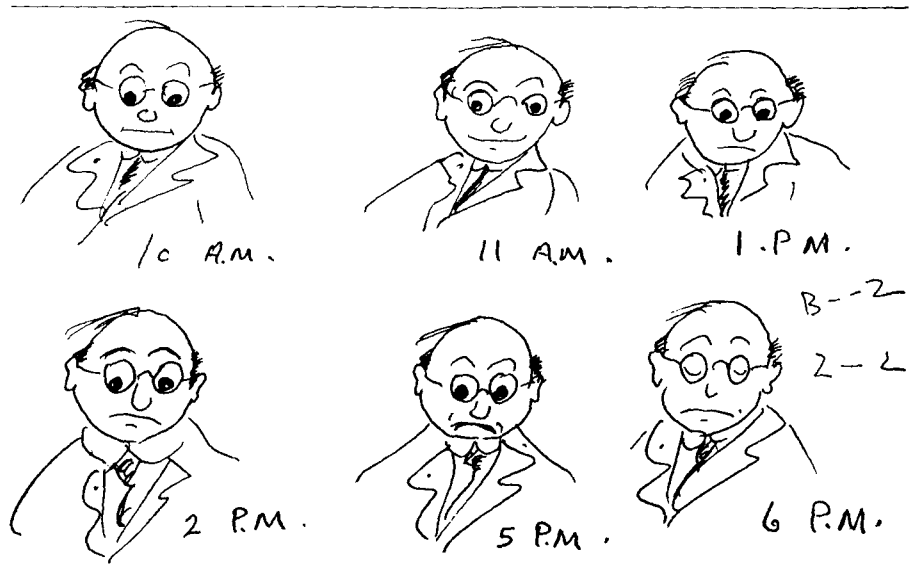
Spring walks the pages of this book,
  And ancient nights live long;
Gardens of triolets and rondels bloom,
  An elf-poem pipes a song.

These are not lines of verse that I see here,
These are dream-children of another year.

ESTELLE ROOKS.

One of the poems that Old Quercus liked best in *The Poet's Pack* is by Ethel Greenfield. It is called *Villanelle to My Dad Who Feels Scarce Thirty Yet Is Full Forty-two.*

Alfred Goldsmith, the chirping bookseller at 42 Lexington Avenue, beguiled a dull season by drawing a cartoon of himself. It is called *A Busy Day on Lexington Avenue, or Waiting for a Customer:—*





## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City .*

WILL Saturday Review readers take (1) Harry Hansen's word about "Puppets in Yorkshire" by Walter Wilkinson? "Wonderful news!" says Mr. Hansen in the World-Telegram (referring to another book which is unexpectedly selling) "It almost makes one have hopes for 'Puppets in Yorkshire.' That book is delightful . . . Only a few of the discerning—the readers who enjoyed 'The Story of My Heart' and 'Old Junk' and who used to rise to Christopher Morley's frequent references to Elia in the good old days—will like 'Puppets in Yorkshire' " . . . (2) Or J. B. Priestley's: "A tremendous find." (It's gone through edition after edition in England.) . . . We've only a small advertising appropriation, as yet, to spend on this book, so this is a whispering campaign *to Saturday Review readers only.* But we hope to be shouting soon at the top of our lungs . . . Ask your bookseller to show it to you—($2.00)— or if he can't, write us. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 443—4th Ave., New York.

FOOTNOTES expertly fitted to pedestrian theses. Also sprightly manuscripts copied, edited or proofread. Address I, *Saturday Review.*

"WHEREVER I AM, Whatever—" I did have my Au Revoir, m.d. And memories to last until the leaves fall beside the garden wall. Do not write; I know without words. JAS. BRANCH.

WILL Doctor A. S. W. Rosenbach kindly communicate with George Frisbee, 2235 Octavia Street, San Francisco, and learn something interesting about his Faerie Queene which he thinks is autographed by Spenser.

S. H. Don't be so skeptical. The legal viewpoint would be valuable. The question you raise no barrier, decidedly interesting. F.

IDLE COLLECTOR in need of recreation offers to libraries and other collectors lists of books for Exchange on South Seas, Arctic, Orient, Old Science and Medicine, Darwiniana, Americana, Natural History. Some rare. Address Hard Times, c/o *Saturday Review.*

HARRIET—Left latchkey on board at South Ferry terminal. Good bye. Know now why St. George used to be called Cuckoldstown.—STATEN ISLAND.

MISS DUNN FOR $12
types play manuscripts
or if you prefer
novels or short stories
ten cents per page
carbon copies free
Phone mornings Killpatrick 5-9329.

BOSTON BUSSES — United States Tires. How long is this to continue? Young Beanshooter, weary of the New England embrace, will escape with any congenial extrovert. Meet Greyhound Bus Terminal near Statler Hotel. Carry *Hibbert Jounrnal* for recognition.—BACK BAY, c/o *Saturday Review.*

UPPER WEST SIDE—New York, said O. Henry, is at its loveliest in summer. Will sublet at sacrifice last 3 months of lease (July, August, September) on large cool, comfortable apartment, 8 rooms, 2 baths; 80th Street, only one block from Riverside. Ideal for connoisseurs of Manhattan. See Superintendent, 425 West End Ave. MORLEY, c/o *Saturday Review.*

CHANCE, reputable tenant, to sublet two months pleasnt furnished apartment, 3 rooms and bath, East 50's, near river. Cheap to the right person. Editor, c/o *Saturday Review.*

KRISHNA—Meet me at Harmony Book Shop, West 49 Street, to discuss Freemasonry, Astrology, Projection of the Astral Body, Rosicrucianism, and the Ephemerides. Bring copy of Richet: *Our 6th Sense.*—PYTHAGORAS.

WILL TAILOR whom I met in Childs Restaurant, Times Square, said he made suits to order for $25, please give me his name and address. Lost his card, need new suit for calling on publishers. THREADbare, c/o *Saturday Review.*

GAVARNI—The book you want is "The Quest of the Print" Weitenkampf; published by Scribner's. More edge to your burin.—DAUMIER.

FREE. Subscribers to *The Saturday Review* may have their subscription renewed free of charge, if they will send to the business office three new subscriptions.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## What manner of book is this—which can arouse such comments from such critics as—

- WILLIAM McFEE: "I have already read it three times. I maintain that if it were translated from the French or the Russian we would be excited about it and calling it a masterpiece."
- BURTON RASCOE: "Get the book and read it . . . for humor, good sense, wisdom and entertainment. Miller's wistful humor has the bite of reality in it. At his best he has some of the fine, satisfactory qualities of James Stephens."
- HARRY HANSEN: "One of the most refreshing books I have read in years."
- LEWIS GANNETT: "A unique and individual experience. 'I Cover The Waterfront' is an event . . . a book with personality, with a character that lingers in one's memory."
- N. Y. TIMES: "Distinctive, original, unusual, fresh in tone and manner, with a quaint whimsicality of feeling and expression."
- HARRY EMERSON WILDES, *Phil. Public-Ledger*: "There's only one drawback. Miller writes so alluringly and with such magic that his book is far too quickly read."
- McALISTER COLEMAN: "I've just finished a grand book, an escape book if you will, from economic planning, current taxes, and past and present debts. It's called 'I Cover The Waterfront.'"
- THE ATLANTA JOURNAL: "One of the finest books to appear in many a month. Let there be no mistake about the unqualified praise of this review."
- ELMER DAVIS: "A book of genuine sincerity and genuine charm. This is the sort of book we get too rarely."
- HARRY CARR, *Los Angeles Times*: "This book has a touch of something dangerously like pure genius."
- GUSTAV DAVIDSON, *N. Y. Mirror*: "Get this book. You will take it to your heart."
- THE NEW YORKER: "Thoroughly delightful . . . it's a book you really ought to read."

**I COVER THE WATERFRONT** By Max Miller

Before this book was published or reviewed, we offered to refund the full purchase price of this book to any reader who bought it on our recommendation and failed to enjoy it as we expected. This offer still holds.

$2.00 *at all bookstores* **DUTTON**

**Any man's to have —no man's to hold**

The story of a woman who *lent* her love freely—but could not give it forever. A brilliant study of sex values—a sensation in England.

Brewer, Warren and Putnam $2.00

**ISABEL**

**BY GERALD GOULD**

"As absorbing as a book of fiction."
—*Syracuse Post Standard.*

**Crowell's Dictionary of English Grammar**

and Handbook of American Usage
By Maurice H. Weseen
**$3.50**

"Deserves a place at the elbow of every writer and reader who wants to understand his native tongue and use it with precision."
—*N. Y. Times.*

*Send for circular*

**from CROWELL'S**

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

**CHANGE of ADDRESS**

At this season of the year our Circulation Department receives hundreds of requests for changes of address. We know you don't want to miss a single issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW. Therefore, we shall appreciate it if you will notify us of your winter address as far in advance as possible.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street
New York City


# The PHŒNIX NEST

THE case of *Miss E. Forbes* of Baltimore, Maryland, is a strange one. We recently received a letter from her from which we quote in part:

> I notice that you insert poetry from time to time in your interesting Phœnix Nest, and I have been wondering if you would feel disposed to use these from time to time, because they have a curious history. These poems are written by an Arab that possesses me from time to time. I am distressed that they are passionate love themes, for I myself cannot write in this vein. I am a dietitian, I have occasionally written mild verse of the Sunday school type because of religious inclination. It is impossible for me to write the kind of verses I have sent you. This is how it came about. I recently broke an Arabian talisman which my mother had picked up in the Orient somewhere. (Since then) the spirit of a man who calls himself an Arab, takes possession of me from time to time, when I sit down to sew or write letters, and pours out this kind of (some of it, very risqué) verse.

Miss Forbes has been a teacher in India, has some forty of these verses, and would like to get a publisher for them. Some of the verse isn't so bad, though when the Arab remarks in one stanza "And glow worms seek the violets in their beds," to which is appended a footnote, "The Arab says that glow worms nibble violets," our equanimity *is* somewhat shaken. We have only space to quote his shortest dictated poem:

*Against the sky, the caravan.*
*The summer stars shine golden in the gloom,*
*The music of the desert floats from out*
*The gathering darkness*
*Where the sand dunes loom.*

*The wavering light of the fire*
*Sends shadowy spectres leaping towards the sky,*
*Where the pale moon glows, and airy visions form*
*While the rich night*
*Flows luminously by.*

We are indebted to *Guido Bruno*, erst of Bruno's Garret in the Village, who sends us on behalf of *The Union Square Book Shop*, at 30 East 14th Street, their last copy of the curious book we mentioned lately, viz: "Revi-Lona," by *Frank Cowan* of Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Printed in tiny type, imperfect in impression, it is an harassment to the eyes, but as a feat of the imagination it has a strange interest. Though it is lacking in the ingenuity of that masterpiece, one somehow recalls *Robert Paltock's* "The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins," of which book Dutton brought out a fine new illustrated edition four years ago. *Peter Wilkins*, a Cornishman, you may remember, after shipwreck near the South Pole came to the Country of Glums and Gawrys, or Men and Women that fly. Their Laws and Customs and Manners were fully described. Paltock wrote in the eighteenth century, whereas Cowan's feebler romance is recent and he does not deal with women who fly, merely with beautiful women in an Amazonian society in the Never-Never land of Revi-Lona. The latter's inventions are more childish, and compared with Paltock's style Cowan's languishes, but nevertheless this pure flight of fancy reminds one of Paltock and of such a romancer in our own day as S. Fowler Wright, whose "Deluge" was such a success. Writes Bruno:

> You will be interested to know that the writer died several years ago in the home of his sister. After reading one of these books privately printed by her brother, she ordered them all burned. Only a few copies came by accident on the market. I think they were left in the bindery.

And yet there is, to us, nothing in Cowan's book to bring a blush to the cheek. He intimates that his hero had affairs with various of the women, and there is one scene where some of them put off their native dress in order to try on the finery of what we consider more civilized society, but the style of the book throughout is stiltedly grave. It exists as one of those curiosities that hint of a writer of frustrated imagination who, in other circumstances might very possibly have produced some work of fiction that the world would remember him by. . . .

A recent remark concerning *Louis Untermeyer's* "The Book of Living Verse" was retailed to us the other day. It seems that somebody called this collection, "All the Muse that's fit to print." . . .

The new novel by *Grace Hegger Lewis*, first wife of *Sinclair Lewis*, which Liveright, Inc. will publish in October, is to be entitled "Facing the Park." The woman of forty is the theme. . . .

The firm name of Harrison Smith, Inc. has been changed to Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, Inc. Its officers are, *Harrison Smith*, President; *Robert K. Haas*, Vice-President and Treasurer; *Louise Bonino*, Secretary. . . .

A first novel by *Kate O'Brien* published recently in this country by Doubleday-Doran has been awarded the Hawthornden Prize in England. This prize is given annually to the book the judges consider the most promising work of the year by a writer under the age of forty-one. The donor of the prize is *Miss Alice Warrender*. Such younger writers as *V. Sackville-West*, *Siegfried Sassoon*, and *Geoffrey Dennis* have formerly won it. Miss O'Brien's novel has, as a matter of fact, received several other awards. It won the James Tait Black Prize, instituted as a memorial to the Edinburgh publisher, the books being chosen by the Professor of English Literature of Glasgow University, and was the December (last) selection of the English Book Society, an organization similar to our Literary Guild. . . .

*Beatrice Curtis Brown*, arrived from London, is spending the summer over here, and making her headquarters with a fellow English novelist, *Iris Barry*. Houghton Mifflin are bringing out Miss Curtis Brown's new novel, "For the Delight of Antonio," on the twenty-fourth of this month. . . .

*F. A. Hornibrook*, through his book, "The Culture of the Abdomen," was responsible for prescribing exercises that reduced the late *Arnold Bennett* thirty pounds in three months. London *Punch* waxed lyrical concerning the virtues of this volume, as follows:

*For the salt tides swing to ocean,*
*And the great whales gambol west,*
*But no man hath seen the motion*
*That moveth my undervest;*
*I sit in my chair and I speak you fair,*
*But the muscles rise and fall,*
*And the good that I win goes on within,*
*As I roll the abdominal wall.*

A group of young people at Roxbury, Connecticut, are publishing *The Housatonic*, a magazine for and about New England. The magazine will include contributions from *Mary Beard*, *Oswald Garrison Villard*, *Devere Allen*, *Benton Mackaye*, and others. It is published bi-weekly from July 5th to September 1st, and the price for the four issues is $1.50. Address *The Housatonic*, Roxbury, Connecticut. . . .

*Margaret Widdemer* informs us:

> As a final footnote on "Wild Names I have Met," the version (I read it in childhood in *Ford's* "Honorable Peter Stirling") of Miss Pursee's Chick-a-go story is even rougher. The Chicago lady said to the Bostonian, "Why, you don't even get our city names right. Now take Chicago. *We* pronounce it Shi-caw-go. How do you pronounce that in Boston?" And the Boston lady said, "We never pronounce it in Boston at all." . . .

*Joan Haslip* is the twenty-five-year-old granddaughter of *George Meredith*. She has lived most of her life abroad, having been educated at a convent in Rome, and in finishing schools in Florence and Paris. After her father's death she and her mother went to live in Florence where they purchased the Villa Belvedere at Settignano where *Mark Twain* used to live. At seventeen Miss Haslip was writing poetry which appeared in *J. C. Squire's The London Mercury*. This August Minton, Balch & Company will publish her novel "Grandfather's Steps." Her first novel, "Out of Focus," appeared in England in 1931. . . .

Brewer, Warren & Putnam have just published the first novel of *Gerald Gould*, the leading fiction-critic in England. It is called "Isabel." . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.


## Abbé Dimnet's new book is a manual of happiness

GENTLY, quietly, with a wisdom winged with wit, "*What We Live By*" leads its readers into the deep waters of contemplation. Before we realize it, we are confronting first and last things—discussing such timeless and fundamental issues as the meaning of beauty, the existence of God, the metaphysics of right and wrong.

Like "*The Art of Thinking*," "*What We Live By*" has the intimacy of table talk, the grace of French conversation at its best. It is a little masterpiece of serene reflection, a study of "this superiority we call culture," a calm investigation of the good, the true and the beautiful.

But more than all these it is an informal discourse with an inspiring teacher, an interchange of thoughts and experiences with a friend.

**Some representative quotations from "*What We Live By*"**

"*The dignity of man lies in his desire to see beyond our material experience.*"
"*Anxiety about great issues gives our life its nobility.*"
"*Beauty, in its essence, is the splendour of truth.*"
"*Our happiness lies within us. All we need is to find its source and let it flow freely.*"

*What We Live By* contains 309 pages. Almost one-third larger than "*The Art of Thinking*," it is indexed and has as frontispiece an excellent photograph of the ABBE DIMNET. *Price $2.50.*

**WHAT WE LIVE BY**

*By* ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

*Author of "The Art of Thinking"*

SIMON AND SCHUSTER · PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED